

TRAVELS
OF
ST. GODWIN.

L. De Saint Leon

The First Six Sheets printed by T. BENSLEY, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

ST. GODWIN:

A

TALE

OF THE

SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH,

AND

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY

COUNT REGINALD DE ST. LEON.

*Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou
liar of the first magnitude.* CONGREVE.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1800.

ST. GODWIN.

T. A. F.

49.

1.

12.

148.



TO

MRS. SHERIDAN.

MADAM,

BEING accidentally some weeks
past, in the high court of "envy,
hatred, and malice, and all un-
charitableness," (the green-room
of a theatre) I was there in-

A 3

formed

formed that you had expressed yourself much pleased with the *first* volume of a work lately published, called, *my* travels. Not hearing that your approbation extended any further than to one volume, I was led to think there was something satirical and enigmatical in your praise; and considering it thoroughly, I at length solved the riddle and developed your meaning.

ing. You, Madam, very wisely, in imitation of the poet, esteem *four* volumes, or a great book, a great evil. You are partial to Travels, but do not like to travel through more than one volume of them. Those I have composed are comprised within your limits, and for this reason, (I know no other!) I dedicate the travels of ST. GODWIN to you, to

whose TASTE, according to what
I have learnt, they cannot fail
of affording superlative gratifi-
cation.

I am, Madam,

With all proper respect,

Your obedient Servant,

REGINALD DE ST. LEON.

1799.

P R E F A C E.

IT has been affirmed, that * “ the following passage from a work, said to be written by the late Dr. John Campbel, and entitled *Hermippus Redivivus* †, suggested the first hint of the present performance.”

“ There

* Vol. I. Preface, p. 1. The first edition of my own travels is quoted throughout.

† Our copy of this publication belonged to the late Dr. FARMER, and we find in it these observations written by the Doctor.

“ This is a *pretended* ‡ translation from the Latin of DR. COHAUSEN of *Coblentz*, by Dr. Campbel.

‡ Query *real*.”

A 5

“ See

“ There happened, in the year 1687, an odd accident at Venice that made a very great stir there, and which, I think, deserves to be rescued from oblivion. The great freedom and ease with which all persons, who make a good appearance, live in that city, is known sufficiently to all who are acquainted with it; such, therefore, will not be surprised, that a stranger, who went by the

“ See an account of Cohausen in Saxius’s *Onomasticon*, P. 6, p. 238.”

This pleasant work proposes a method of prolonging the life of man.—The method is, To live constantly with young girls and imbibe their breath. The recipe however, is likely, we apprehend, when closely pursued, to produce more *mortality* than immortality.

name

name of signor Gualdi, and who made a considerable figure there, was admitted into the best company, though nobody knew who or what he was. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily shewed to any body that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity as astonished all who heard him; and it was in the third place observed, that he never wrote or received any letter; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange,

exchange, but paid for every thing in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendour.

“ This gentleman met one day at the coffee-house with a Venetian nobleman who was an extraordinary good judge of pictures: he had heard of signor Gualdi's collection, and, in a very polite manner, desired to see them, to which the other very readily consented. After the Venetian had viewed signor Gualdi's collection, and expressed his satisfaction, by telling him, that he had never seen a finer, considering the number of pieces of which it consisted, he cast his eye by chance

chance over the chamber door, where hung a picture of this stranger. The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. This picture was drawn for you, sir, says he to signor Gualdi; to which the other made no answer, but by a low bow. You look, continued the Venetian, like a man of fifty, and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years; how is this possible? It is not easy, said signor Gualdi gravely, to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture drawn by Titian. The Venetian easily perceived by his manner

ner

ner of speaking that he had given the stranger offence, and therefore took his leave.

“ He could not forbear speaking of this in the evening, to some of his friends, who resolved to satisfy themselves by looking upon the picture the next day. In order to have an opportunity of doing so, they went to the coffee-house about the time that signor Gualdi was wont to come thither, and not meeting with him, one of them, who had often conversed with him, went to his lodgings to inquire after him, where he heard, that he had set out an hour before for Vienna.

enna. This affair made a great noise, and found a place in all the newspapers of that time*."

I shall now take the liberty to state why I say, *It has been affirmed*†, that the above passages in Her-

* Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's Triumph, 3d ed. p. 160.

† This affirmation too, it may not be amiss to say, is not strictly true. My work was not written in consequence of that passage, but this; "The stories he inserts of Eugenius, Philalethes, SIGNIOR GUALDI, and the celebrated Flamel, are not only extremely diverting, but may contribute also to the procuring us some well-written history of the Pretenders to the Philosopher's stone."

Dr. Campbell's preface, p. v.

Mine is the well-written history here prophesied.

mippus

mippus suggested the hint of this work. I say so, because, like the philosopher, when he was told that some persons had spoken ill of him, I might add, It is plain they do not know my other rogueries, or they would not only talk of this. To be ingenuous, gentle reader, I am also indebted for the idea of drawing the character of a man possessing unbounded wealth, and indulging in all the luxuries of life, without finding happiness; and the gift of immortality, which merely tends to make him miserable; to the Rasse-las of Dr. Johnson, and to either the Arabian Nights Entertainments, or the Tales of the Genii, in
which

which there is a story of a man endowed by a Genius with eternal life, and who, outliving all his friends and kindred, bitterly complains of being the most wretched creature in existence.

Having discharged this duty, I shall proceed to advance a few words respecting the subsequent pages, which it may not be found unnecessary to know.

“ We writers, who *so admirably* bring up the rear of our illustrious predecessors, must be contented to arrive at novelty in whatever mode

we are able*;" and I trust it will be acknowledged that I have taken as curious a road to it as could be imagined.

“† The foundation of the following tale is such as, it is not to be supposed, ever existed. But if I have mixed human feelings and passions with incredible situations, and thus rendered them *exquisitely* impressive, interesting, and delightful, I shall entertain some hope to be pardoned for any pain I may occasion by an excess of laughter, or by the

* Pref. p. vii.

† Pref. p. viii.

severity of my attacks on the tenderest feelings of the heart.

* Some readers of my graver productions (if I have written any) will perhaps, in perusing this pleasing little volume, accuse me of inconsistency. The accusation will be just; but I fondly expect that they will excuse me for having recovered my senses, and instead of shewing *the affections and charities of private life no indulgence and favour*, made them in this publication, as they deserve, the topic of *the warmest eulogium*. Indeed, “for more than four

* Pref. p. viii.

years,

years, I have been anxious for opportunity and leisure" to recant this, and other vain and absurd doctrines, which I have so studiously and perniciously inculcated.

A book kindly given * to the public in the year 1798, contains a sentence which is not more applicable in this place, than it is in the highest degree profound and *full of mind*. I shall quote it. "IT IS BETTER THAT A MAN SHOULD BE A LIVING BEING, THAN A STOCK OR A STONE †!" I recommend the reader to ponder on this sentiment,

* Pref. p. ix.

† Pref. p. x.

and

and weigh it well, before he presumes to contradict it.

Two things more now remain to be said, and then I shall flip the reading dogs, and let them course at their pleasure over my field of letters—in which, I can assure them, that I have endeavoured to *make* such *game* as I thought would afford them the most sport.

The first thing is, Why do I, Count Reginald de St. Leon, write the adventures of St. Godwin in the first person? To this I reply, that my own travels, though related by
another,

another, were written in the same manner.

The second; That I disclaim all right and title to each and every one of those beautiful and original passages, distinguished in the course of the work by these marks (“ ”).

Away! I have done with you.

* * * “For the sake of the unlearned reader,” (I am learned) “I subjoin the following illustration of the motto prefixed to this volume;” which by the bye would have been the

the best I could have chosen for *my*
graver productions. Read it.

“ Ferdinand Mendez Pinto
was a Portuguese, born about the
year 1510. Becoming a fugitive
from his country at a very immature
age, he travelled through many parts
of Africa and Asia for twenty-one
years, and, by his own account, en-
countered a surprising number of dis-
tressful adventures.”

Vicissitudes de la Fortune, 12mo.

Tome I. p. 1.

December 26, 1799.

TRAVELS
OF
ST. GODWIN.

CHAP. I.

TO obviate all unnecessary preamble, I shall in a few words, comprehensive as whole volumes, state, that at the moment I am writing this history of my adventures, I am endowed with an eternity of life, and an endless source of wealth. The means by which I obtained these mighty advantages I shall briefly
B premise,

premise, and then, without further delay, enter into the consequences attendant on their acquisition.

My name is Count Guillaume De St. Godwin. I was born in the year 1514, of a noble family, resident in the south of France. My education was such as became the rank I held in society, and from every inference drawn from my natural powers, added to the numerous qualifications acquired by the assistance of art, I seemed to promise to increase, and not diminish, the lustre of my heroic fathers.

I could now furnish a long, dull, tedious narrative of the battles in which I distinguished myself; of the meeting of Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, their splendour, their tournaments,

naments, the knavery of one and the folly of the other, till I came to the battle of Pavia, when our army was defeated, and our king taken prisoner, and my hopes of reward and promotion almost entirely disappointed.

During this period I lost my mother; my father had died before its commencement. Here I could begin a second course of dulness, by way of ekeing out a volume, to say, that after the wars, I took possession of my paternal estate; went to Paris; gambled, married a beautiful woman of distinction; returned to my estate; lived there some time happily; got four children, three girls and one boy; returned once more to Paris; was avaricious; gambled again; lost my estate, and became almost a beggar. This too I could have inter-

perfed with the pretty prattle of my boy Charles, when I was crazy with lofing my money; my wife's grief; and her father's laft, long, dying, entertaining, admonitory, fpeech to me againft gambling. All this I could have worked up into a few hundred pages, for the paftime of the reader; but, as I think he will pafs his time much better without it, I here promise to be for evermore filent on the fubject.

I fhall not even describe how my wife collected the little money we had left, and took our children, and me when I was mad (for you muft know I went mad after I had loft my money), into Switzerland, where I ran over the rocks, buffeted fuch ftorms as were never heard of; and often, like Virgil's goats, hung fearlefsly

lessly on the sides of of the most tremendous rocks. No; this, and more such stuff, will be well omitted to make room for matter of greater moment.

Recovering my senses (which it may not be amiss to observe, for the information of the faculty who attend Bedlam and St. Luke's, I did by going out one day in a storm), I and my family left Switzerland, and betook ourselves to Suabia, where we rented a little cottage, situated on the Lake of Constance.

My wife Margery and I were now somewhat advanced in life, but hale and strong, and ready to work, which was a very fortunate thing, as we must otherwise have starved. The recollection of our former wealth often gave a terrible shock

to the “*etherialized nerves of my frame**;” but my wife was always in good humour; and as good humour is catching, as it were, I was generally so too. My Margery’s charms, though a little impaired, were yet so “*magnetical*†” as still to attract the needle of my affection, and our love connected us so closely together, that to a bystander “we seemed to be two bodies animated by a single soul†”. To give a short but lively description of my children, I shall begin in this manner with the eldest.

Charles was like what I had been, all fire and spirit.

Julia was blooming.

Louisa sage.

* Vol. II. p. 17.

† Vol. II. p. 18.

‡ Vol. II. p. 25.

And

And Marguerite, the playful cadette of the family.

Further than this, I can merely say, that I believe they were like most other people's children, sometimes good and sometimes naughty, but more frequently the latter. Such then was "my family as they surrounded me in the year 1544 *."

Food, and the only other comforts of life, besides health, which labouring folks enjoy (I mean a cup of good liquor), we could procure at an expence within the product of our labour. We lived as happily as poor devils could whose employment was confined to four things, working, eating, drinking, and sleeping, for about six years, without troubling

* Vol. II. p. 29.

ourselves with any thing beyond our sphere. At Constance, the city, there was still a talk about the council held there when three Popes contending for the infallible chair, Martin V. sat himself comfortably down in it, to the confusion of the three litigants. But this and more remarkable events took place unheeded by us. It was said too, that the Rhine passed with such rapidity through the lake of Constance, as not to mingle with its waters. The truth of this, however, we did not take the pains to examine, contenting ourselves with sitting on the margin of the lake, and quaffing the nectareous produce of the grapes that grew on the banks of the Rhine.

Amusing myself very cheerily in
this

this way one summer's evening, in the year 1544, while my wife and children were gone to purchase some provision, a stranger arrived at my habitation. I saw him some paces from me before he came up. He was a little rosy, carbuncled-face fellow, "much emaciated, his forehead full of wrinkles, and his hair and beard as white as snow. Mirth was written in his face; it was easy to perceive that he had suffered much from hard drinking; yet his eye*" (he had but one) "was still quick and lively," and that he fixed immediately on a flask of Rhenish standing before me on the table at which I was sitting.

Noticing the object of his contem-

* Vol. II. p. 1.

plation, I courteously invited him to take a seat and partake of it, which he did without hesitation. He sat some time, and took his glass with the most scrupulous regularity—bumper after bumper, but not a word did he utter. His manner was mysterious. We had finished two flasks, and seeing that I did not offer to go for another, he knit his brows, and looked much discontented. I longed to hear him speak, and “strongly urged by an undefinable curiosity that began to spring up in my bosom *,” I went and brought a third, hoping it would prove effectual: in this hope I was not deceived. After taking two bumpers apiece he began;—but having lost *his front teeth*,

* Vol. II. p. 3.

and having, perhaps, taken rather too large a dose, he mumbled so confoundedly, that, though he talked for three quarters of an hour, I could scarcely gather any thing from his discourse. This much, however, I collected—that he expected to die soon, and that he had a secret of the greatest importance, which he had determined, in consequence of a liking he had taken to me, to disclose for my advantage.

Always very much dissatisfied with poverty, my hopes led me to imagine that this was some rich old fellow who might be inclined to leave me his money, and I resolved to humour him. I plied him with Rhenish till he cried for quarter, and then taking him to a summer-house I had in the garden, in which was a camp bed,

I assisted to undress him, and there left him; but not till, by his desire, I had placed a light and a flask by his side, in case he should be dry in the night.

“A hospitality of this sort being the practice of the neighbourhood,” my wife was not in the least surprised at what had passed; that is, at what she knew had passed, for the secret I kept to myself. It troubled my imagination, and would not suffer me to sleep. I rose early in the morning, and visited the stranger. The door was locked. I tapped gently, and hearing him move, made myself known to him through the key-hole. He was dressed, and instantly opened the door, then re-

• Vol. II. p. 3.

turned

turned to his employment, which was this—He had closed all the shutters of the summer-house. “There were, however, about eight inches between one shutter and the top of the window; and some branches of vines, with their grapes already ripe *,” hung in the room, and these he was picking, and seemed to relish vastly. He had made a clearance of every thing else I had left him.

I now inquired how he had rested, and begged to know whether he chose to join my family at breakfast. To this he answered in a clearer but inarticulate tone, that he desired to be concealed, and not to be seen by any one but myself. I bowed as-

* Vol. II. p. 96.

sent. He then signified his wish that I should step and put a flask of Rhenish in my pocket, and that we should go and take a walk together. I obeyed ; and we proceeded silently till we came to a retired spot, where, seating ourselves upon a bank, he first broke silence to this effect.

Count Guillaume de St. Godwin—
am I right?—Is that your name?

It is ! I answered with astonishment. May I crave the favour of yours?

No ! he replied, that you shall never know. Nor shall you ever be informed of any thing concerning me but my secrets.

I confess I lament it, said I, but I will ask to hear no more than you are pleased to unfold.

My friend, resumed he, lifting a
bumper

bumper to his lips, your discretion pleases me, and I will be candid. My days are numbered. I know when I shall die, but I do not know what I shall die of. I am threatened with two things; the one I do not fear, the other I dread most terribly—a paralytic stroke, or the dropfy. To die by a stroke, I should not mind; but to expire with the dropfy, to be killed by water, and that water in my belly, where none ever came before, gives me heartfelt uneasiness. However these things we must leave to the Fates. To the point. The secrets I have to disclose are of the greatest magnitude. All I require of you, and you cannot possess them without, is never to confide them to your wife, children, or any one.

“ Upon

“ Upon these conditions I am sorry that I must decline your confidence. My wife is a part of myself*.”

Turning towards me a look of ineffable contempt, he replied † in the most scurrilous terms, calling me *feeble and effeminate—incapable of standing alone—wasting my life in the gratification of a woman’s wishes, and the performance of her commands—the plaything of her pleasure.*

I felt, I own, a strong inclination to give the old fellow a good threshing; but curiosity to learn his secrets rendered me motionless and silent.

He went on:

“ Farewell, St. Godwin: you think my secrets not worth knowing,

* Vol. II. p. 6.

† Vol. II. p. 7.

and

and my benefits not worth your acceptance. Know that my benefits are such as kings would barter their thrones to purchase, and that my wealth exceeds the wealth of empires *."

The sordid love of gold, which, planted in my heart, poisoned by its baneful vegetation its nobler and more salubrious feelings †, now acted with full force, and I cried, "Stop, mysterious stranger! grant me a moment's leisure to reflect and determine!"

You do not merit it, said he, but I grant it. We then finished our flask and returned home—he to the summer-house, and I, after having provided him with all he wanted, to my wife and children.

* Vol. II. p. 10.

† Vol. II. p. 17.

At breakfast my thoughts dwelt so much on the secrets I was alone to hear, that my wife, my Margery, unused to such an estrangement of my affection and attention, seemed hurt at my incommunicativeness *, but taking her round the neck, I gave her one of our favourite hugs and a buss, which instantly set all right.

A circumstance however happened at this time, which, though it may appear trifling to some, is so sweetly expressive of innocence, and so natural and unaffected, that I cannot pass it over. — The reader may judge.

† “ My little Marguerite, now eight years of age, had left a little book of fairy tales which she had been

* Vol. II. p. 17.

† Vol. II. p. 18.

reading

reading the day before in the summer-house. At first she did not know what was become of it ; suddenly, however, she remembered where she had read it last ; and exclaiming with exultation, It is in the summer-house, sprang forward to fetch it. I detained her, and told her there was a sick gentleman there that she would disturb. But, my love, said I, you shall have it after dinner."

" Ah, but, papa, I want it now. I put it away just where the naughty giant had shut up the gentleman in the dungeon who came to take away the lady. I was obliged to put it away then, because mamma called me to go to bed ; but I want so to know what will become of them, you cannot think."

" Finding

“ Finding her pertinacious in insisting upon a topic that was disagreeable to me, her mother called her from me, and wiping away a tear at the innocent speech of her darling, kissed her, and bid her go and feed the hen and her chickens *.”

Neither nature nor Kotzbue † can go beyond this! And surely the historian

* Vol. II. p. 132.

† See the first act of the “ Distressed Family,” as acted at the Haymarket. There, if you have any feeling or taste, good reader, you will be captivated with the exquisitely natural scene of a little hungry boy entering with a halfpenny roll in each hand. Shakspeare (I mean our English Shakspeare, not Germany’s Shakspeare, or Ireland’s Shakspeare) may be called the bard of nature, but he never copied her so closely as this! This is perfection itself, and may be viewed on any side.—Little boy—
hunger

historian has no right to suppress such delicious scenes of sensibility and innocence!

hunger—two halfpenny rolls—nature, all nature, and nothing but nature!

CHAP. II.

AFTER breakfast, as usual, I and Charles went into the fields to work, a thing which our circumstances would not permit me to neglect. Whether amusing myself, or labouring, my thoughts constantly ran on the stranger's secrets, of which he had told me enough to let me understand that enormous wealth was one of the consequences of possessing them. Whilst digging, and turning this over in my mind, it suddenly occurred to me, and I wondered (as folks often do) I was so stupid as not to think of it before, that the man who talked of conferring

conferring all these riches and blessings on me, was himself, apparently, a poor, miserable, unhappy beggar. This did not at all square with my logical tenets—

Ἀλλων ἰατρος αὐτος ἔλκεσι βρυων. *

He

* This proverbial expression will be found in Plutarch, *Προς Κολατην*, p. 627, of a folio edition of what are vulgarly called his Moral Writings, by William Xylander, in Greek only, date Heidelberg 1574. I have been thus explicit, that you may be sure I have seen the book from which I quote, which is, I assure you, not always the case with authors. Many now-a-day quote Greek in their works, who, I am told, scarcely know alpha from omega. One instance of their manner of proceeding will serve as well as a thousand. There is a writer who signs his name with an A. M. whose learned quotations from various authors, in various languages, are, I am confidentially assured (therefore you must keep it a secret), all taken

He offers, said I, to cure me of poverty and wretchedness, and he is himself the poorest and most wretched creature alive. I knew that Lucretius teaches that nothing is made of nothing, and I began to fear sadly that I should *make* nothing of the old fellow. In a word, and that a word very well under-

taken from one book, a German Polyglott, of innumerable quotations; a book containing numberless passages from the ancients, in eight or nine languages. This gentleman is properly an A. M. that is, a *master* of ARTS.

However, I believe there was no fear of my being suspected of ignorance in the Greek language, since I have studied it, more or less, ever since I was six years old, that is, from the year 1520 to the year 1800; and certainly must know more of it than all the Porsons and Parrs, Burneys and Wakefields in the universe.

stood,

stood, I thought he was humbugging me. However, my fears and thoughts were soon dispelled, and all my curiosity and hope revived by the following event. I might indeed have recollected that Plutus, the god of riches, himself appears in Aristophanes so basely equipped, that when he says "I am Plutus," *Cario* exclaims, *Σὺ Πλούτος, ὅτως ἀθλίως διακειμένος*; "You, Plutus, dressed in that miserable manner *?"

It was almost dinner-time, and my son Charles, a fine *keen* lad, had his eye fixed on the door of our cot, near which we were at work, expecting every moment to see Margery give us the signal to come and fall to, when he espied "certain officers of the bishop of Constance,

* Verse 8. Plut. Aristoph.

accompanied by a foreigner in a Neapolitan habit," making towards our habitation. It instantly struck me that they were coming after my old boy—I threw down the spade, jumped over the hedge which parted our garden from the field, and hastened to the summer-house. The door was locked according to custom, but I no sooner cried out, "You are discovered," than he threw it open. I described the Neapolitan—terror and alarm sat on his countenance—Behind my garden, said I, is a wood—I cannot hide you here—hasten there, and conceal yourself till the officers are gone—fear gave him strength—he followed me, and I presently saw him penetrate the thickest part of the wood.

I now returned through a back
door,

door, and sending Margery and my children into the garden, waited to receive these unwelcome visitors. The first thing they did on their arrival was to search every corner in the house; this they performed without effect. Indeed the reader might have guessed that, but every little in this way helps to fill the pages, *and that* is all I have got to do. They then questioned me roundly about the stranger, and I flatly denied ever having seen him. I was resolved, let what would happen, not to betray my Plutus into the hands of a bishop. (I like to have a fly hit at the church.)

Their next proceeding was to threaten me with the inquisition, but all to no purpose; and after witnessing my abuse of the inquisition, as the most infernal, diabolical institution

C 2

that

that ever man invented, they departed. Not without hinting, however, to me that I should hear from them again. I believe they would have taken me with them if they had not been daunted by the manly indignation with which I pronounced the "immutable truth."

Nothing could equal the pleasure with which I saw them take boat, and row away from my house. I stood for some moments in silence—at last I burst out, exclaiming, He is rich, after all! The inquisition would never have troubled their heads about him if he were as distressed as he appears to be. But my joy was rather overcast by a second reflection that intruded itself. He is rich, I had said; I now added, very naturally, though with not so much pleasure, *But where is he?*

He was in the wood, it is true, but he might never come out of the wood, or he might leave the wood, and never return to me, or he might die in the wood, before he told me his secrets. This thought terrified me, and I determined to go in search of him.

I entered at the same place I had shewn him, and there wandered about till I lost my way (which you know any man may do in a wood). A dreadful storm came on, the awful thunder rolled over the vast expanse of heaven, and the vivid lightning in refulgent coruscations darted from—from—(I wish I had Mrs. Radcliffe by me, for I am at a stand; I know this is the place for description, but I cannot get on.) Well, the effect of all this was, that

C. 3.

I was

I was wet through, and after avoiding a banditti (I observed at a distance sitting comfortably by a fire, eating their supper), and trudging about till it was day-light, I, without any pole-star, found myself at home.

My wife and children ran round me the moment I entered the door—O, it was a pretty scene—My wife took off my coat, Charles took off my hat, Julia unbuttoned my waistcoat, Louisa pulled off my right stocking, little Marguerite my left stocking, and I pulled off my breeches. Then my wife rubbed my neck with a towel, Julia aired my shirt, Louisa rubbed my feet with hot brandy, little Marguerite blew on them that it might not burn me,

me, Charles stood by holding the bottle, and I every now and then took a glass to comfort me.

All this very much reminded me of a passage in Bion, where the dead Adonis is surrounded by Cupids, each employed in doing him some little office*.

It was indeed a delicious sight, and I think I have well described it. I am but a bad hand at sublime description, but at the tender, pathetic, *homely scene*, I do not know my equal!

Some people would imagine that I had had enough of the wood, and be consequently surprised when I tell them, that in a very short time I set out again. Their astonish-

* See Bion's Cup. Adon. v. 80.

ment, however, is nothing to me, and is certainly very silly, if they will but recollect my object—money; after which, whatever a man does or sustains, as this world goes, may surprise them, but shall never surprise me. Away I went—Charley wanted to go with me, “but upon this I put a peremptory prohibition*.” Hey, do not you think that is a good round period? Not quite so simple as the case required perhaps, but the two last words are thumpers, that is enough for me.

✱ I had the precaution, this time, to furnish myself with a slight provision of food and a flask of my best Rhenish. “I had already spent several hours in anxiously tracing the

* Vol. II. p. 84.

wood in every direction, and the period of noon was past, when, approaching an obscure and almost impenetrable thicket, my ear was caught by a low and melancholy sound, which at first I knew not to what to ascribe. It, however, arrested my attention, and *caused me to assume an attitude of listening.*" Now, I say, that is a picture—you see the man standing in a cunning posture and listening. — If you do not, why—

"At length I perceived the legs, and something like the garb of a man. It was the stranger! he appeared to have crept into the thicket upon his hands and knees. When I forced my way to him, he seemed in the very act of expiring. He was lying on his face, and I raised him a little."

little." (Nothing can be clearer than that.) "His eyes were fixed, his mouth was open, his lips and tongue were parched and dry."—Seeing that, I poured a bumper of Rhenish into his mouth, upon which he shook his head, made a gulp, swallowed the wine, opened his eyes, and grinned. But he soon relapsed, and again appearing faint, "I repeated my application." This had a good but momentary effect. A paralytic stroke succeeded. "I thought he was dead." His secret, now as I imagined lost, instantly recurred to my mind, and in my anguish I threw myself by his side. Suddenly "I felt him move—I heard him sigh—I lifted up my head and perceived" him sitting on his bottom, with my flask to his mouth, from

from which he was taking long swigs.

“ I threw my arms about him ; I pressed him to my heart.” Do not blame me, good reader, for you know, if you had an old rich uncle or grandam dying, you would do just the same.

Squatting myself by his side, I asked him how he did ? hoping he would say that he was going to die, and therefore find it necessary to tell me the secret. My hope was not disappointed.

“ I shall never witness the light of the setting sun again ! were the first words he uttered.”

Inwardly I ejaculated, Heaven be praised !

“ I immediately perceived that he spoke more collectedly, and with better

better articulation, than at any time since his stroke."

"He continued, though with various interruptions, for more than half an hour. He explained, with wonderful accuracy, the whole of his secrets. They consisted of two principal particulars, the art of multiplying gold, and the power of living for ever. The detail of these secrets I omit; into that I am forbidden to enter. My design in writing is not to get money, you will easily allow, for you know I have plenty of that; nor is it to teach the art of which I am in possession (and make every body as wise, or, which is the same, or a better thing, as some think, as rich as myself), but to describe the adventures it produced to me."

"This, *upon my honour!* is all that

that is material, that passed at our interview."

After the disclosure, he put the flask to his lips again, and swallowing the remainder, fell back and died; at least I thought him dead: he might have been only dead drunk; but be that as it may, I popped him into the thicket, "according to his instructions," and returning home, never saw or heard of him more.

CHAP. III.

I HAVE already said that I do not shine in descriptions of a turbulent nature, therefore I shall not attempt to depict the tumultuous state of my soul the moment I arrived home, and felt convinced that Cræsus, with all his abundance, was but a beggar to me; and Pactolus, if its streams had been all liquid gold, would have been a mere puddle of wealth when compared with my exhaustless ocean. Added to this, I had the power, by means of an elixir, of perpetuating my days till the age of Methusalem should not bear the proportion of a baby's to mine, before which all the
won-

wonderous longevities of man in former times combined should dwindle into nothing. I could be immortal ! I could be that thing whose existence no addition will augment, and no deduction diminish. I could be infinite. But, I beg pardon, I fear I am writing too well, I will endeavour to descend.

My joy was so excessive I could with difficulty contain myself within the bounds of decency before my wife. I kissed my whole family round and round again. I danced about like—like I did when I had lost all my money ; so similar are often the effects of opposite causes. Charles, Julia, Louisa, and Marguerite, all danced with me ; but my wife Margery, thinking I had relapsed into my former malady, sat
down

down and cried. This "inflicted a wound upon me," but I found means to "cicatrise" it*, by turning all her sorrow to joy with a story I trumped up, that the stranger was dead, and had left me ten thousand crowns.

"I could perceive that in my wife my tale produced a few emotions of pleasure. Julia and her mother especially were warmly attached" to money. "The lively little Marguerite" observed their joy, which "made a transient abode upon their countenances." And "she sympathized with them, probably without being aware that they were *merry*." Now I call that shewing deep knowledge of the human heart!

* Vol. II. p 137.

Charles's "veins swelled with the blood of his ancestors, and, already sixteen years of age, he burned to go forth in the world and distinguish himself." He was therefore delighted at the means I had acquired of promoting his wish.

Louisa was the only one who said nothing. She sat on a little three-legged stool by the side of her mother, and uttered not a syllable; but oh! how eloquent was her silence. *Words* are at any time but ill calculated to express *silence*, but on this occasion so much so, that I must leave it to the reader's imagination to enjoy in perfection this interesting object in the family picture, which, I trust, I have delineated with my usual skill.

My wife did, I should say by the
bye,

bye, make a terrible long speech on this occasion ; but as I cannot see how the chattering of a foolish woman concerns any one but her husband, I shall keep it to myself.

Next day I and Charles went to Constance, and fixing on a nice pleasant spot of ground, I purchased it, and immediately set all the workmen I could find to build me a noble mansion upon it. In the interim “I hired, and we took up our abode in commodious apartments in one of the grand squares not far from the spot where the fairs are usually held.” We remained here about four months, during which time we enjoyed ourselves in every luxury that money could produce ; but I was sorry to see that, since the change we had experienced, my
Margery

Margery had become a little too fond of *cordials*;—however, I could deny her nothing. Our new house and our out-houses, hot-houses, and summer-houses, being now ready, I took my family there with all possible expedition. My children were in raptures with them, and my wife was not more enchanted than surprised at my “gigantic erections*.”

Always of a restless spirit and desirous of shewing Charles a little more of the world, I left with Margery a sum of money equal to the disbursement of many years, and took an affectionate farewell of my family. Charles being “mounted on his proud and impatient steed, and decorated in rich and costly attire,” we

* Vol IV. p. 39.

set off for Dresden. In our route, *according to the maps and gazetteer*, we passed through Munich * or Munchen, the capital of Bavaria; through Ratisbon or Regensburg, the only free imperial city and sovereign state in the electorate; and through Prague, the capital of Bohemia, which lies one hundred miles N.E. of Ratisbon. At Munich we found the court of the elector palatine; the diet of the empire was sitting at Ratisbon when we arrived at that city. This diet (I know I am right, for I have the gazetteer before me!) often meet in a large upper room, properly decorated with tapestry, and the emperor's throne with cloth of gold.

Vol. II: p. 153.

Novelty

Novelty prompted Charles's admiration; he was intoxicated with wonder. But the court of Dresden was infinitely more delightful to him than the court of Munich, or the imperial display at Ratisbon. Here Charles saw a young prince in the flower of his age, who was not (as the *detestable race of princes* are in general) like a *merchant's clerk* or a *city magistrate**, but whose talents rendered him the universal object of attention and adoration. What were Charley's feelings on this occasion -- Why, "the sentiment that he breathed, as it were instinctively, as we returned the first time of our seeing duke Maurice, was, At twenty-three years of age may I in appearance,

accomplishments, and spirit, resemble this man!" There's an *instinctive sentiment* for you!

Here I gave loose to the most unbridled extravagance, living in a style that astonished all the poor German princes who had an opportunity of beholding and tasting my entertainments. I was indeed so much the object of public notice, that the source of my wealth became the subject of investigation. The more inquiry made on that head, the less satisfactory intelligence could be obtained. The general conclusion, however, soon reached my ears.—I had often thought with fear of what inferences might be drawn from my manner of living; and my mind was one morning particularly "torn and distracted with these contemplations,

plations, when my attention was suddenly roused by the abrupt entrance of my son Charles into the chamber where I was sitting. He opened the door with a hurried action as he entered; and, having closed it impetuously after him, advanced directly towards me." He then turned round upon his heel and walked from me. "My whole soul was alarmed at what I saw; and following him as he retired to the other side of the room, in the gentlest accents," I inquired the cause of this very extraordinary behaviour.

"He repelled me. Sit down, sir, sit down! Do not follow me, I beg of you; but damn it, sit down!"

I "obeyed his directions *mechanically*."

He then said,

"I have

“ I have no time for qualifying and form. Tell me, am I the son of a man of honour or a villain *?”

“ He saw I was shocked at the unexpected rudeness of his question;” he therefore condescended to explain.

I am just come, said he, from the tennis court near the river, where I was playing with the young count Luitman, when his friend, the chevalier Dupont, a Frenchman, joined us. I had been uncommonly fortunate; count Luitman was displeased, and Dupont took upon himself to revenge his friend for the loss of his money.

Count, said he, I wonder you should play with that fellow (meaning me). He is a dealer in the black art.

* Vol. II. p. 172.

Fellow!

Fellow ! Black art ! I cried with indignation, what do you mean ?

My meaning is clear enough, replied the chevalier coolly ; but if you do not understand me, I will explain without all that blustering. Sir, I take conjuring to be a black art, and I think swindling an art to the full as black. Your father, the count Guillaume de St. Godwin, was, to my knowledge, ruined at Paris by gambling. He has had no opportunity to recover his fortune, and if he had, his present magnificence and splendour would far exceed its limits. It necessarily follows, therefore, that he is either a conjuror or a swindler. Now, granting either of these, it is fair to presume, that you, his son, are not left wholly uninstructed in these arts, which I denominate equally black.

D

“ I at-

“I attempted to strike him, but was prevented.—To you, fir, I now resort for explanation.” From you I must hear the fact.

“My dear Charly,” said I, “*what is come to you *?*”

“No, fir,” continued he, “no artful tale, no disguise, no hypocrisy,” but the fact;—you must tell me the fact.

Then I seriously pronounced these words, “No, I will not !!”

Upon which he exclaimed, and I think I still hear the voice of my *gallant* boy, “Then I swear by the omnipresent and eternal God, you shall never see or hear of me more !!”

I begged and conjured him to stay, but “he threw himself into

* Vol. II. p. 181.

my arms, and I felt the agonies of a parting embrace."

My Charles had disobeyed me, but I gloried in that, it shewed that he was not the "*soulless* shadow of that conspicuous hero I had been anxious to make him*." I detest the forcing of obedience in children, it only serves to break their "spirit and to deprive them of all manliness and energy."

"Go, my *glorious son!*" I exclaimed, "act upon the dictates of your choice, as I have acted on mine!"

My joy however, on account of the *daring uncontrollable* spirit my boy had exhibited, was a little overcast by the recollection, that though I had by my instruction well *pickled* his

* Vol. II. p. 200.

mind, yet his "*frame was unseasoned,*" and unable to bear "hunger in barren deserts and beneath inclement skies." Ah, cried I, how much more delight should I have enjoyed if I had "accompanied his senseless remains to the grave. *There all our prospects end* *."

I hope no offence will be taken at these words. I know there is a silly sort of people called good christians who believe that when we come to the grave—*there all our best prospects begin!* But this is an old mistaken opinion, which the *calculations* of philosophy and the sentiments of the mind in its *illuminated state* have clearly proved erroneous.

Highly pleased with my tour, I

* Vol. II. p. 197.

resolved

resolved to quit Dresden, and to retrace the route I had lately pursued with my son, when I was unacquainted with his *noble gallant genius*. My wife and daughters now occupied my thoughts, but “looking forward to scenes of endless variety and attraction,” I did not feel that warmth of regard for Margery I had formerly experienced. I could no longer confide in her, and acquaint her with “*my endowments* and privileges;” my joys were great, but “I wanted her friendly bosom, or some other, into which to pour out my feelings, and thus by participation to render my transports *balsamic**.” No; Margery and I, “though *corporeally* we might sit in the same

* Vol. II. p. 102.

apartment," (indeed I do not see how we could well sit otherwise) "in mind a gulph, wide, impassable, and tremendous, gaped between us*." This gulph was frightful, and much impaired my love for my wife. However I determined to go and see her once more. I therefore wrote to that effect, telling her at the same time of the glorious conduct of our boy, and that I should expect to hear from her at Munich, where I intended to stay and amuse myself for a few days in my way home.

At Munich I accordingly received a long epistle from her, which I shall not transcribe, because "in the unattractive *dispassionateness* of narrative" it might appear frivolous.—

* Vol. II. p. 205.

But there is one part which I cannot omit, as it is highly expressive of her refined feelings.

At Dresden I had indulged in a few gallantries. She had heard this, and, like *a good soul*, presently acquainted me with it. But I positively denying the charge, she wrote me the following pointed and remarkable passage.

As to your saying that you have not had to do with bad women, that's all a fudge—"It is of a piece with every thing you have lately attempted to make me believe; I no longer expect truth from you. For seventeen years I had a husband. Well, well! I ought not to grumble. I have had my dose!"

After this she talked much about dying, and "the benefit of my girls;" by the whole of which I per-

ceived that she was most furiously jealous. Fearing, however, that there might be some truth in what she said, and dreading lest she should die owing to any "*miscalculation* *" of mine, I instantly set off for Constance.

Some of my fair readers who know nothing of my "historical pivot †, will perhaps ask me why, anxious as I was for the life of Margery, I did not administer a little of my elixir of life to her, and make her live for ever. But I will not answer such idle questions—as if any man would make his wife immortal if he could! No; and "if they will not accept of any communication upon my own terms, they must lay aside

* Vol. II. p. 222.

† Vol. II. p. 243.

my book." But I can see their drift ; they want to pump me. However, I can assure them that " I have no intention to furnish the remotest hint respecting the science of which I am the depository."

CHAP. IV.

ON my arrival I found Margery "surrounded by her blooming daughters. I quickly marked a great alteration in her appearance. Her look was strange and confused; her form was emaciated; her countenance pale. She lifted her eyes as I entered, but immediately dropped them again." Then I immediately saw that she was *far gone*. Having saluted my children, I addressed myself to Margery, telling her that I must have some conversation with her instantly *."

* Vol. II. p. 221.

Instantly!

Instantly ! said she, in a stuttering voice, you're in a wondrous hurry indeed. She now offered to rise, which she did with some difficulty ; upon which she observed, Ah, Guillaume, your neglect has driven me to this !

“ I am come to you,” cried I, “ a repenting prodigal. Take me and mould me at your pleasure *.”

“ My manner was earnest : she led the way into another apartment.”

Next morning, “ as I sat surrounded with my girls,” (I mean my children) a second consequence of my wealth, still more alarming than the former, occurred to me. “ Certain officers of justice belonging to

* Vol. II. p. 221.

the supreme tribunal of the city, entered the room. They were sent, as they informed me, to conduct me to prison. My blood at this intelligence mounted into my face, and thinking to daunt them, I told them I was “a gentleman of France,” and that they would “repent this insolence.”

“You will please not to talk of insolence to us,” was their reply; “if you do not demean yourself quietly——”.

Here a delicious, a delightful little incident must not be passed over.

“Julia, who was ready to faint, occupied the attention of her mother. The little Marguerite clung round my knees,” and shewed that this “was a spectacle which the
affectionateness

affectionateness of her nature was unable to endure."

Seeing this, a speech full of nature directly struck me, which I made to the officers.—It was this :

*"See, how you have terrified the children * !"*

Then my little Marguerite said, (O so prettily !) " They shall not take you away, papa ; that they shall not ! I will hold you, and will not let you go * !"

Finding however that they would have me, she, " flinging her arms round my neck, cried, good bye, papa † !"

The following day I was brought up for examination. I entered the room haughtily, and with the most sovereign and ineffable contempt

* Vol. II p. 246.

† Vol. II. p. 247.

sitting

sitting on my brow for every foul in court. I tried on the judge what had failed on his myrmidons.

“Do you know, Sir,” said I, “that I am a gentleman of France*?” Of this however the magistrate took no notice.” But he presently much abated my pride, and astonished my hearing by this speech.

Seven years ago, you can well remember, that you and your family were almost perishing with hunger. But within the last six months the scene is wholly changed. You appear to have suddenly grown rich, and here and in other parts of Germany have actually disbursed enormous sums. Now, the stranger who was seen with you at your cottage on the lake, died, or in some

* Vol. II. p. 251.

manner disappeared about six months since, while under your protection. In the registers of the church there is no notice of that event. You are required to account clearly and unequivocally for these circumstances. If you do not, you will, according to our *laws, the mildest in the universe*, be condemned to *perpetual imprisonment* *.

Feeling that I could not answer these questions, I determined to carry it off with a high hand, and after some little dialogue between me and the judge, during which, by the way of quizzing each other, we used the terms, *Monsieur le Comte*, and *Monsieur le Juge* †, I said,

“ I feel myself animated by the

* Vol. II. p. 264.

† Vol. II. p. 253—257.

soul of honour, and incapable of crime. I know my innocence, and I rest upon it with confidence. Your vulgar citizens, habituated to none but the grovelling notions of traffic and barter, are not the peers of St. Godwin, nor able *to comprehend the views and sentiments by which* HE is *guided* *. Your prisons I despise !”

This was a clincher !

“ I have done with you,” cried the judge.” Away with him.

Whilst confined in durance vile I learned that Monsieur Monluc, an agent of the court of France, making a tour of several of the German states, was then at the city of Constance. To him I applied, in hopes of obtaining my release. After some

* Vol. II. p. 262.

days

days investigation he came perfectly prepossessed against me, and when he had heard my story, and told me that “my appeal was full of energy *” that he “admired at least the gallantry of my sentiments †,” &c. &c. he made his bow, and I never saw him more.

‡ “I might now be said to have reached the end of my adventure: I had closed one grand experiment upon the donation of the stranger.” However there was another which I had neglected, and which might perhaps have had its effect even on Monsieur Monluc—Bribery.—This was now my last resort. “Impressed with this opinion, I fixed upon a negro, a servant of the prison, and

* Vol. II. p. 278.

† Vol. II. p. 276.

‡ Vol. II. p. 208.

who

who had the keys of my apartment, as the subject of my pecuniary experiment."

I had been listening one day to my wife's voice "*as to the sound of an angelic lyre; I was all ear,*" when I heard my keeper open the door. Margery had left me in tears, and I was considering from what cause they could arise—I knew they sprung from various sources, and amongst others, according to Homer*, Odyss. 19. and Heliodorus † Æthiop. b. 5. from too much wine—I was thinking of this, I say, at the time the negro entered, which I deemed the best, being alone, to sound him on my purpose. I began,

* Φη δε δακρυπλυνει βεβαρητοτα με φρενας οινω.

† Επιφορον γαρ τι προς δακρυον οινος.

“ You

“You are very poor *,” said I.

“So they tell me *,” said he.

* “I was surprised at the propriety of his answers. I am unable at this distance of time to recal the defects of his language; and I disdain the mimic toil of inventing a jargon *;”—yes, my characters shall all think and speak like philosophers—such philosophers as myself. I went on:

* “It is a very sad thing to be poor!”

† “Why, yes,” said he, “so I have heard, sir.”

“I had before been struck with a certain correctness of thinking in him †;” but his last answer was so just and philosophical, that I could not help gazing upon him with

* Vol. II. p. 299.

† Vol. II. p. 300.

‡ Vol. II. p. 299.

amazement. I marked the lineaments of his face, in which I fancied I discerned the interminable lines which denote a love of liberty. I therefore asked him (and this question brought me to a piece of the *sheerest wit* I ever uttered) "whether he approved of a man's being deprived of liberty?" With great mathematical precision, defining terms as he proceeded, he inquired what liberty was?—Now though I had often thought, and made a great clamour about liberty, yet I was never more puzzled than by this question. However *my wit* served me, and thus I spoke:

"Would you be pleased, instead of being a *turnkey*, to have the *key* turned on yourself*?"

* Vol. II. p. 302.

Hey,

Hey, reader ! well, you see I can if I like*.

To this the negro answered with his usual acuteness, "that he should not ;" but finding this a round-about way of coming to the point, I cut short all further preliminaries, and offered him a sum of money to con-

* Many who are not judges of refined and deep wit, will, perhaps, on the first blush, call this a poor and worthless *pun*. Its similitude may mislead some ; but even such will be taught to estimate my talent at a higher rate, when they read the argument I have to advance in favour of puns, which is certainly better than any ever yet offered in their defence. In the *Indian Antiquities*, by Mr. MAURICE, an author whose works do honour to the country, I find this note.

"Eighty cowris are called a *pun*, and from fifty to sixty *puns* amount in value to a rupee."

Vol. I. p. 252.

nive

nive at my escape. This, with a philosophy much *above my comprehension*, he positively refused, saying, he would remain faithful to his master. I now perceived that he was affected with the “whim of integrity *;” (*indeed integrity and every thing of that sort is all whim;*) but before I could attack him in any other way, he quitted me.

† “KINGS might have confessed their inferiority to this man,” *as they should to any man!* “But is he” (*who is only superior to kings!*) “to be regarded as the model of what a human creature should be wished to be? *Oh, no †!*”

“I was not long left at leisure

* Vol. II. p. 297.

† Vol. II. p. 305.

‡ Vol. II. p. 306.

for these reflections. In a few minutes the master of the prison entered my apartment. The negro had disclosed to him our conversation, and he began to reproach me in very harsh terms for attempting to seduce his servant, but “I do not wonder, proceeded he, that you preferred applying to one of my servants. Their honesty must be expected to be had at a cheaper market. But, for my part, I am determined that no man shall ever pass these walls without my being the richer. If then you wish to escape, let us see what you can afford to give me for it.”

This was coming to the point with a vengeance to it—I could not mistake his meaning: I left him to name his price, and our bargain was consequently

consequently soon concluded, and the time fixed for my escape, when I was to take the philosophical negro along with me, that his flight might cause all the blame to fall upon him.

“Time was far from moving indeed with the rapidity my impatience required; but the hour of appointment at last was near. The cathedral bell sounded twelve*.” ’Twas awful! any thing but *the cathedral bell* would have had no effect. “Presently” (as the most natural way of getting in) “a key was applied to the door of my apartment,” and, wonderful to tell! “it opened*.”

Three persons, whom I knew to be servants of the prison, entered, and, to my great disappointment and

* Vol. II. p. 317.

astonish-

astonishment led me to a filthy dungeon. In my rage I knocked down two of them, but they at length secured me; and, loading me with fetters, chained me to the wall. There being no light, I was then left in utter darkness."

"I had remained in this situation about twelve hours, full of angry and disconsolate thoughts, when the principal jailor entered my dungeon."

"Execrable villain," said I, "how do you mean to dispose of me?"

"Keep you in close custody," he replied. "I have got your thousand pounds*" (I beg the reader's pardon for reckoning money by pounds, I would have done it according to the current money of the

Vol. II. p. 324.

E

country,

country, but I really did not know what it was!)—You talk of disposing of you—who knows but that, if you dispose of your money properly, you may dispose of yourself.

The second thousand was soon offered, and as soon accepted. I could perceive that “the* facility with which I produced the sums, he demanded, puzzled him strangely;” and well it might.

I doubted even now whether he would let me go; and I believe he would not, if he had not thought he had drained my purse to the bottom. This supposition induced this worthy man, the negro being prevailed on to accompany me, to suffer us to escape together.

Vol. II. p. 327.

CHAP. V.

THE reader will be pleased to recollect, that I had at this time experienced the advantages and disadvantages of but one of the stranger's secrets.—The elixir of life, which would confer immortality on me, I had not yet imbibed. This event, however, and the consequent extraordinary circumstances that happened to me, I shall soon relate, but a few intervening incidents, which, as natural ones, are sufficiently marvellous, I shall beg leave to premise.

It was late in the evening when the jailor set me and Hector (for such was the name *Caprice* had given the

E 2 negro)

negro) at liberty. My stay at Constance must necessarily be short; but I determined not to leave that city until I had seen and taken leave of my family. My wife would, I was sure, be desirous of accompanying me, but I was resolved to take *no baggage*.

O what a meeting was ours! What were the sorrows of my wife! "I know there are men who will listen with fretful impatience to a detail of such sorrows as hers; but to such I write not. For those who are incapable of sympathising with the delicate sensations of Margery *, I am no fit author; without I am allowed to be tender and pathetic, I am nothing."

* Vol. III. p. 4.

Then

Then my children;—my Julia, my Louisa, my little Marguerite—Ah! reader! but enough! “Our parting was not less painful and melancholy than its occasion was extraordinary, and its mode uncommon*.” “Habit has a resistless empire over the human mind, and, when we reflect with how much reluctance we consent to the removal of a *tree or a hedge*, to the sight of which we have been accustomed, it will not be wonderful that my little dears should lament a separation from their father†”

In this pretty passage, I cannot help requesting the reader to observe how much more *lively* the comparison is of the “removal of a tree or

* Vol. III. p. 144. † Vol. III. p. 143.

hedge," than that of Pope's in a letter to Swift, where he talks of his "reluctance to consent to the removal of a post"—a *dead* post.

Our parting may, on my part, seem cruel, and "there are, perhaps, persons who will regard this period in my history as culpable, and the testimony of a *cold and unsusceptible heart* *." But why should they do so? I only abandoned my children, three female children, to the wide world; and, believe me, "I contemplate the circumstance, even at this distance of time, as the *noblest and most virtuous effort of my life*!!*"

After providing Margery with as much gold as would have purchased all Constance, and advising her to re-

* Vol. III. p. 146.

turn to France, buy my paternal estate (which, when at Dresden, I heard was to be sold), and reside there with her daughters, I and Hector set off on our journey. We passed, to be particular, through the Grisons, and over a limb of the Rhetian Alps to Como, Milan, Piacenza, Parma, and Pisa; in the neighbourhood of which latter city we resolved to take up our immediate residence.

One little adventure in our course deserves notice, as it “displays the singular worth of a dumb and unpretending brute *.”—By this epithet I mean a dog—man is a *pretending brute*.

I have often, since that period,

* Vol. III. p. 5.

read stories in the newspapers very like what I am going to relate ; but they only confirm the fact, and could not certainly, as I have read them since, have happened before.

It occurred in our way over the Alps. One evening, in the wildest and most desolate part of the mountain, after having fixed my abode at an inn, I wandered forth to take a survey of the neighbouring scenery. It was moon light—Hector was at my heels—the scenery was fine—to enjoy it, what did I do ? “ I stood still * ! ” which is, you may depend upon it, the best way in the world to see any thing steadily.

I remained so for *half an hour*, when the shriek of some human

* Vol. III. p. 7.

creature burst upon my ear. I had heard that murders and robberies were common in the vicinity, and my first impulse was to fly to the rescue of the sufferer. But Hector, with that philosophy that always marked his genius, said, *I had better not*. While we were speaking, a monstrous large black dog came running out of the wood, laid hold of the flap of my coat, and attempted to pull me along with him. I resisted. He did so again, upon which I said, No, no, my friend, no compulsion—"Ever since I could write man *," I hated compulsion.—If you will lead, I will follow you.

My reasons seemed so just, that

* Vol. II. p.

he, like a sensible dog as he was, immediately acquiesced.

He led me to a spot, where I found a man alone, lying on the ground and weltering in his blood.

I instantly bound up his wounds, and sent Hector to the inn to procure something like a litter.

I was now left for *six hours* *, with no other companions than the wounded gentleman and his dog, who were *both* constantly silent.

At length Hector reappeared—“ he brought with him an old and crazy kind of litter, and a reinforcement of four mountaineers. The wounded man still breathed, and was conveyed alive to the place at which I had taken up my lodging. He

* Vol. III. p. 10.

survived

survived three days, during which time he related the circumstances of this adventure, which seemed to fix on his servant, who was missing, the accusation of being an accomplice with the murderers." After his death, but not till then, we buried him.

" I have not yet finished the history of my dog *." On our arrival at Pisa I took a neat little house and garden on the banks of the Arno.— We had been established there but a few months, when the servant of the deceased, thinking himself unknown, made his appearance in Pisa. " The dog seeing him one day by chance in the street, ran towards him with incredible swiftness, and fell upon him with savage vio-

* Vol. III. p. 16.

lence and ferocity. Thus assailed, all the terrors of superstition, and an accusing conscience, seized on this devoted villain."—He confessed his guilt, was brought to his trial, and suffered death for his crime; at which (but I believe it to be a cursed lie) he said "he rejoiced *."

"No power of language and words can enable a bystander to imagine how deep this incident sunk into my heart, how inextricably it *twisted with all the fibres of my bosom* *." The great black dog from this moment became my constant companion—his philosophy appeared to equal, if not surpass, that of Hector, my other attendant of like colour.

* Vol. III. p. 18.

† Vol. III. p. 31.

In my new abode at the end of the garden I found a sort of subterraneous grotto, buried almost from human observation. The secrets of the stranger had given me a particular relish for chemical pursuits, in which I here employed myself for my amusement, accompanied by the two philosophers, my black servant and dog. "Sometimes I could not help exhibiting to my friends the wonders of my art, and those extraordinary effects, which have in all ages drawn upon the more eminent operators of natural magic the reproach of being necromancers and conjurors*. But on the mind of philosophy these childish wonders had no effect, and I verily believe

* Vol. III. p. 36.

that

that I might have exhibited my whole process under their eyes, without once awakening the busy fiend of curiosity * ” in the philosophical mind of either the dog or negro.

I thought myself secure, and feared no discovery of my occupation in either of my valuable companions; but there was one thing I did not take into my calculation, against which philosophy itself is in opposition as a broken reed to the club of Hercules. My dog, I must do him the justice to say, never uttered a word about any thing he saw transacted in the grotto; but “not such was Hector †.” In a word, “Hector was in love ‡!”

* Vol. III. p. 34. † Vol. III. p. 47.

‡ Vol. III. p. 44.

“ Our sweet and simple mansion was distant scarcely more than two hundred yards from a *characteristic* Italian village. The *donzella* of a little *albergo* (but why do I mingle these words, when I have said “ I detest jargon !) in this place had caught his inexperienced heart *.” Here all his cold philosophy melted away before the refulgent rays of her bright eyes, which entirely thawed “ *the frost-bound winter of his soul* †.”

Moreover, “ the accomplishments of Hector, in spite of the jetty hue that stained his face, had won the heart, or roused the coquetry of the plump and rosy bar-maid ‡.” *Bar-maid* ! mind these words, because I

* Vol. III. p. 45. † Vol. III. p. 47.

‡ Vol. III. p. 46.

shall have a joke presently which you will not understand unless you do.

I soon perceived a difference in him. Charon, the black dog, observed my chemical experiments with all his usual attention, but not so Hector; his "erratic mind" was incapable of applying itself to such pursuits. Ever and anon, while we were busily employed, would he exclaim, *Mia gioia! mio tutto! mio caro tesoro!* and with these ejaculations, interspersed with sighs, fill up the hours I separated him from his charmer. These symptoms quickly exposed the disease, which, as I had no reason, I did not disapprove of. The conse-

quence was fatal to both the philosophers, and alarming to myself.

“ In one of Hector’s visits to his fair *donzella*, he happened incautiously to drop some very remote hint of the scenes in which he had just been engaged with me in my grotto. The curiosity of the girl was strongly roused; she questioned him further. He started; and was terrified to recollect what he had said, for I had strictly enjoined his secrecy. However the devil, or curiosity, was up, and there was no laying him.

Hector refused any further explanation. “ The *donzella* (pretty word) piqued at his resistance, had recourse to female arts. She wept; she called him base, false-hearted, and unkind.—She was seized with
strong

strong fits of sobbing and *hysterical affection*. But in the midst of all this the philosophical Hector was as unmoved as a rock of marble*.”

Finding it would not do, she presently recovered from her hysterics, and endeavoured to perplex him with cunning and insidious questions. “As the framing of artful questions was the strong hold of the *donzella*, and she might have challenged in this article the most hoary practitioner of the *quibbling bar*—(Do you take? You know I told you she was a *bar maid*!) So it was exactly the weakest side on which poor Hector could be attacked. He, however, is certainly not the only

* Vol. III. p. 49.

philosopher

philosopher that has fallen a sacrifice to the arts of woman. She wheedled the whole account from him. She promised secrecy, it is true. "But she had another love; *perhaps she had more**!" Now I call that wit.

"Few women have *any secrets* for the man they admit to *their embraces*†. In an hour of amorous dalliance she communicated to Agostino, the ostler, all she knew of my conjurations and spells."

As *una pecora rognosa ne guasta cento*, so did this villanous ostler poison the minds of the whole village, and lead them by his stories to believe that I dealt with the devil, and that my servant (of whom he was jea-

* Vol. III. p. 53.

† Vol. III. p. 54.

(lous)

lous) and the black dog were my two familiars.

They accused me of “bewitching a cow *.”—I one day endeavoured to reason with them, but they were so superstitious that the “energy of truth” had no effect on them.

To cut the matter short, for I hate to be tedious, they shot my dog. Hector found “his body motionless and *his joints stiff in death*. The poor negro, who in the innocence of his heart was uninitiated in the proud distinctions” (when indeed there is none) “by which civilized man is taught to place so vast a barrier between the *human nature and the brute*, was struck speechless with sorrow and amazement †.”

* Vol. III. p. 102.

† Vol. III. p. 71.

Hector was a philosopher, and knew there was no difference. "He, therefore, recognized the dead being before him for his fellow-creature*."

The next, and last thing they did, of which I had but just timely notice to make my escape, was to set my house on fire, and to murder Hector, in the most extraordinary way. "They killed him joint by joint, and limb by limb." "The pen drops from my lifeless hand on the *harmless* paper †!" But I take it up again to say that "I looked on all this with a philosophical indifference ‡," and turning my face towards Lucca, I pursued my way by the "uncertain *and*

* Vol. III. p. 72. † Vol. III. p. 117, 118.

‡ Vol. III. p. 117.

fitful light*” of my consuming mansion. In other words, I ran away by the light of it.

* Vol. III. p. 120.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

ON reaching Lucca, I found that my evil genius had been busy to accumulate for me new misfortunes. The intelligence of the Pisan riot had reached Lucca before me. The instant I was acquainted with that I resolved to take shipping for Spain, which I did, and “debarked at Barcelona, on the 14th of April, 1546.”

At Barcelona, I merely provided myself with clothes, bought a few of their best Barcelona handkerchiefs, cracked some of their best Barcelona nuts, and then proceeded to Madrid; where, without meeting with any thing beneath the *importance*

portance of history, I arrived safe and sound, and as merry as a grig.

“ I determined now, as far as human precaution could secure its ends, to encounter no more misfortunes,*” and certainly a wiser determination was never made. But, alas, what are all mortal resolutions! —Vain—Vain!—Here the most tremendous event in my life occurred. I shall relate it circumstantial-ly, but not so tediously and stupidly as I could.

“ During the festival of Christmas it happened that I felt an inclination to be the spectator of a celebrated bull-fight that was exhibited before the emperor and his court. At the commencement of the spectacle I was attentive only to

the exhibition. It was not long, however, before my eye was transiently caught by an individual, who sat in a gallery, at no great distance, whose attention was never removed from me. His countenance was truly singular. His little eyes were of a fiery red, his eyebrows spare, his dingy whiskers thin and shaggy, and his nose flat; his face altogether resembling, as nearly as I can make the comparison, that of a large Tom cat in a violent passion. Such an appearance may seem more calculated to excite laughter than any other sensation, but it was quite otherwise with me. I could perceive a "*contemplative grasp of thought* in his eyes*" (this may seem nonsense,

* Vol. III. p. 216.

but I assure you it is fine) that made me "*cower and quail* whenever I met his eye-beams*."

Finding that I could not rid myself of his curious and watchful observation, I withdrew to another gallery on the opposite side of the area. I had not been there long, when, looking accidentally round, I saw at my elbow this very man, grinning at me in the most grotesque and ridiculous manner. "I then accosted him with the inquiry, Do you know me, Sir? to which he immediately returned in Spanish, *No, Senor †!*" It is very natural to suppose that we had some further parley, which, in fact, we had, but as I do not *know any more Spanish*, I shall omit it. Seeing that he still viewed me

* Vol. III. p. 159.

† Vol. III. p. 155.
with

with the same kind of look, which frightened me most horribly, although I was the Count Guillaume de St. Godwin, and had been a great warrior, I rose, and saying, D—n your grinning! I left the theatre, “and saw no more of him.”

* “*A few days after, however, I suddenly lighted upon him in the street. He was talking to three or four of his countrymen, and in the progress of his discourse frequently pointed and grinned at me. I could now perceive something particularly hostile and ferocious in his countenance. I passed on; he immediately broke from his company and tripped after me. This I determined not to endure.—So what did I do, but,*

* Vol. III. p. 155.

laying my hand on my sword, with a peremptory look, waved to him to desist. He then shook his head furiously, and assuming a grin of diabolical malignity, turned down another street. “*A strange sort of animosity this**,” but exceedingly natural!

“I saw my friend but *once more*. It was as I was on the point of entering the house, some apartments of which I occupied. I was particularly mortified at this circumstance,” for it then struck me that I had seen him at Pisa, and that he was acquainted with the character I had acquired there.

“Several weeks, however, had passed away, and I had nearly for-

* Vol. III. p. 157.

gotten all the circumstances of this *not only* seemingly, *but really* foolish story *, when one gloomy evening in the latter end of March, my valet announced to me three gentlemen who were come to visit me. It was strange : I had no visitors." My time since my arrival at Madrid had been principally passed in cultivating the most *confused* and *confusing* branches of philosophy. "*I indulged no relaxation but that of the streets and of public places ;*" † *precisely indeed as I do in London at this period, where also, as at Madrid, I keep little company, and for this reason—I think myself of too much consequence to condescend to be pleasant and agreeable, therefore very few, on the terms of paying me*

* Vol. III. p. 159.

† Vol. III. p. 169.

God-like respect, will associate with me. My conversation, whenever I deign to converse, is on PHYSICS, which is my favourite science.

“Do you know who they are, said I.” He had not however time to reply before they burst into the room. They were alguazils of the inquisition. They told me their errand was to conduct me to the holy office. I submitted, and accompanied them.”

“Upon entering the prison of the inquisition, I was first conducted to a solitary cell.” But hold! I here took an oath * not to disclose any thing I saw or suffered; and Damme if I do!

However, I'll tell you that I was

* Vol. III. p. 173.

brought

brought up three * times to be interrogated. The purport of which interrogations was to sift me, and make me commit myself. By the inquisitors queries it clearly appeared, that my confinement wholly arose from my affair at Pisa. He inquired about my philosophical companions, and, amongst other very stupid questions, asked me

“Whether I had never caused the mortality of cattle? Whether I had never been seen riding through the air? Whether I had never been wounded *in my absence* †?” &c.

After some long-winded speeches respecting the christian religion, more framed to mislead than to instruct or benefit, and a volley of abuse from me,

* Vol. III. p. 205.

† Vol. III. p. 178.

the father inquisitor, “not exactly to my taste,” ordered me to a solitary cell, there to exist on fare not more coarse than scanty.

Here I remained about nine years, and finding they did not send for me any more, I thought I might as well endeavour to try the effect of money on the servant who brought me my food. “Into his hands I resolved to put *carte blanche**,” that is, to bribe him until he was glutted with bribery. But what was my surprise and grief, when on making the attempt, in a “*tone of celestial and divine* †,” I learned that he was both deaf and dumb. Bribery was here of no use. “Great God! into what position was I got †!” *Anglice*; in

* Vol. II. p. 206.

† Vol. III. p. 25.

‡ Vol. III. p. 212.

what

what a cursed hole was I! What was to be done! “*I never consulted the responses of my understanding **,” (indeed that was not my custom) but I sat down and began blubbering, which I think, in my situation, was a very *fine trait of nature*.

Nothing material occurred to interrupt my “*dull, heavy, pestilential, soul-depressing monotony †*.” “*My apathy—intellectual activity, palsy of the heart—went evenly forward ‡* ;” I do not know whether I make myself perfectly understood, but one cannot, you know, always be so clear as one could wish!

“If in this situation I had been visited by—*what?* a mouse or a rat—

* Vol. III. p. 75.

† Vol. III. p. 223.

‡ Vol. III. p. 152.

well! I should have caught it in my arms; *” but not one mouse or rat paid me *a visit* during my whole residence in the inquisition. The reason of this has often since been the subject of my profound investigation, but it was not till lately that I discovered a cause which seems very probably the right. Falling in by chance with a rat-catcher, I questioned him on that head, and he told me (and I hold his information good) that rats and mice, like certain men called *spunges*, never *visit* where there is nothing to eat.

I continued in this place fifty years longer, making in all about sixty. I was now nearly a hundred, when one day taking out of my pocket

* Vol. III. p. 223.

a little snuff-box in which there was a glass, I perceived that my hair was as "white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows."

"I examined with *dispassionate remark* the state of my intellect; I was persuaded that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and immured as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall. *This*, "cried I, "*is the genuine and proper operation of what is called christianity* *." I hope the reader will consider my situation, and excuse this blasphemy!

* Vol. III. p. 270.

Just at this time a notice was sent to the inquisition, that, on account of a succession to the throne which then happened, not a general deliverance from prison would be the consequence, as might have been expected, but that a general burning of all the prisoners would take place.

Childish as I was, I was resolved not to stand that, if possible; and to avoid it I formed the following scheme.

My elixir of life still remained—I swallowed the—now what do you think conferred immortality on me? —JULEP*! “Never till now had I felt the *julep* tingling in my veins, and known the effects of it in every joint, and *articulation* of my frame.

* Vol. III. p. 274.

I before

I before believed I could be, I now felt that I was, immortal *!

I did say I would not disclose this secret; but now it is out, and let it go.—A dose of *julep* purged away all my mortality.

I fell asleep—waking, I found all my intellectual and bodily faculties restored. I looked again in my glass, and saw I had recovered the youth and beauty that distinguished me at the age of twenty—this too was to last for ever—O blessed *julep*!

I for some time danced about the room like a madman, but recollecting my plan of escape, I immediately set about putting it into execution.

I threw myself into my chair, and

* Vol. IV. p. 8.

began

began a most hideous howling, which I continued till I had alarmed the prison. The moment the jailor entered my cell, and saw me, he uttered a fearful cry, and ran away as fast as he could. The cause of his cries being explained to the inquisitor, I was brought up before him; he desired me instantly to tell what was become of the old man, and who I was that appeared in his clothes?

After much sobbing and crying, I fell on my knees, and told, as I said, the whole truth; viz. that I was a poor peasant, living with my mother in France. That one day, while working in the field, I was suddenly taken up in the air by a being like an old man, but who, I was sure, was the devil—that he had changed clothes
with

with me, and then bringing me to this place, flew away through the ceiling.

All this the inquisitor's superstition led him firmly to believe, and taking pity on my apparently deplorable case, he ordered money to be furnished me to defray my expences back to France.

CHAP. VII.

IMMORTALITY without liberty would be an immortality of wretchedness! But with liberty, youth, beauty, and wealth, can we conceive more happiness? I know but one thing that could confer greater, and that is, for all the world to think as highly, and talk as much about an author's work, as he does himself! That, indeed, would be a happiness admitting of no comparison.

By the order of the superior I was attired in decent habiliments, mounted on a mule, and, with a few pistoles given me to defray my expences,

pences, set off on my journey home. As I jogged on, oh, how I did chuckle and laugh in my sleeve at the trick I had put upon the old father-inquisitor! It is so delightful at all times to cheat a cheat, and I had, as it were, out-deviled the devil himself.

It was now, I believe, about the year sixteen hundred, and being immortal, I had *plenty of time on my hands*. Where did I choose to go? was the question. I considered for some time, and at last determined, in the first place, to pay a visit to my daughters and wife—but Margery, poor soul, must, ere this, I thought, be gone the way of all flesh. If not, I was so altered as not to be known, therefore there was no danger in going. For near sixty years I had
not

not seen my *idolised family* *.” Nor had I any means, during that period, of “tranquilizing the anxieties of a father.”

“What a multitude of adventures and incidents might they not have encountered in the space of *sixty years* ! What a difference must sixty years have produced in the very persons and figures of creatures so young † ! With what mingled and exquisite emotion must a father—” but I will not anticipate!

After this resolution, full of that *paternal affection and tenderness which always distinguished me*, I embraced the nearest route through Navarre, and over the Pyrenees to the banks of the Garonne. Over the Pyreneen

* Vol. IV. p. 1.

† Vol. IV. 2. 3.

mountains,

mountains, according to my Gazetteer, are five passages, all said to be extremely difficult; but I cannot say I found them so, for my mule trotted over with great ease, and we reached the south of France without any accident worth relating.

The first thing I did here, was to equip myself in a mean habit, part with my mule, and assume the character of a pedlar, travelling through the country for the sale of his commodities. This disguise concealed my figure so well, that it could not possibly be recollected from the "picture produced by it in any one's intellectual retina". In this shape, then, I proposed, on foot, for the sake of variety, to measure the

* Vol. IV. ⁴p. 7.

rest of the way to my "*lovely treasures**".

Towards the end of a very hot day, which succeeded the assumption of my disguise, as I was trudging along enjoying my "*mental elasticity*†," I suddenly tumbled on a kind of house of refreshment exactly calculated for travellers of my apparent description. I entered without ceremony ; but presently found that my appearance was considered as a disagreeable intrusion.

Three men, who seemed, according to their dress, mountaineers, and the host and his wife, were sitting at a little round table. They all looked at me as I came in with an air of uneasiness ; and from their

* Vol. IV. p. 11.

† Vol. IV. p. 6.

manner

manner I could perceive that they feared I should be the cause of their amusement, of some kind or other, being suspended. Seeing this, I resolved instantly to undeceive them, and let them know that I was ready to partake and promote any entertainments they were pursuing when I arrived.

“Gentlemen,” said I, with a smiling countenance, “pray do not let my coming throw a damp upon your merriment. Whatever was your pleasure, let it continue; and if you think I can add to it, let me be one of your party.”

My pleasant way of addressing them dispelled all their fears, and laughing, the host, a merry looking little fellow, told me, that they had been amusing one another with stories

ries about ghosts and goblins, and, said he, You know that though we all like to listen to such tales, we do not like to be caught at it. Now when he entered, that gentleman with the red mustachios had raised our expectation to the very highest pitch, by an account of a ghost that appeared in a certain family, regularly every day at dinner-time, eat up every thing on the table, drank three bottles of wine, and then pocketing all the silver spoons, disappeared. The end of this we were afraid your company would prevent, and so torture our curiosity.

By no means ! said I, drawing my chair close to the table, I beg you will proceed, sir. Ghosts ! faith, I like ghosts above all things ; but in
truth

truth I should not much like such a one as you mention to haunt my house. Pray go on, sir.

The mountaineer now finished his story, by briefly saying, that in time this guttling ghost was discovered to be an old cast-off servant, who, relying on the superstition of the family, which was excessive, had paid them these costly visits.

Joining loud in the general laugh which this explanation occasioned, and each taking a glass of an excellent Spanish wine of a Burgundy flavour, called Rouffillon, that was on the table, which finished the bottle, we began to be quite intimate and pleased with one another.

It may surprise some, that I should call Rouffillon a *Spanish wine*, but they should recollect that Rouffillon,
at

at the time I am talking of, belonged to Spain, and was only ceded to France by the treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659. Vide Gazetteer.

Perceiving that our wine was out, I desired the host to bring us more; and to prove to him that I did not call so lustily without being able to pay for it, I incautiously drew from my pocket a long purse full of money, which I constantly carried there, and threw two pistoles on the table. The mountaineers, I observed, at the same time cast a wistful look at my purse, but being under no apprehension about money, I took no notice of it; but in my turn, and to shew that I did not dislike their amusement, told my ghostly tale.

Several others followed, each endeavouring

deavouring to tell one more horrible and terrific than the preceding. Indeed we seemed to have made a league to frighten one another. The strangers, I saw, drew closer and closer together, and pale and half gasping for breath, hung over the speaker, while he proceeded to the end of his story. At length Le Noble, the host, taking up a glass, cried, Come, come, let us have done now with real ghosts. We have talked of them, I see, till there is scarcely a man in the room that dares look behind him. I'll tell you a fact of a sham ghost that happened a few months ago in a village not many miles from hence. What say you?

This offer was readily accepted, and as his story is *so simple*, and

G

so

so much of a piece with every thing I have hitherto related, I shall beg leave to add it, by the way of a little episode, for the entertainment or instruction, one, both, or neither, of the reader, just as it may turn out.

CHAP.

LE NOBLE'S STORY.*

CHAP. VIII.

MONSIEUR Capricorne, a native of Montpellier, had confined his whole life to the study of astrology, an art for which all the world, in public, pique themselves on shewing their contempt, although in private there are few entirely exempt from the weakness of believing in it. This profession, however, being little calculated to lead to wealth, the great foreteller of other people's fortune possessed but a very trifling one himself.

* I could have given this narration in Le Noble's words, but I imagined the generality of readers would be better pleased to see it, with all its imperfections, in English.

All his riches were comprised in the moveables of a house he occupied in town, a library of some magnitude, a cottage at Vitri, to which he often retired to make his experiments, and an income of five hundred livres. With this added to the small product of his art, he supported, in a decent manner, himself, Gertrude, an old female servant, who had long superintended his domestic affairs, and a daughter, a charming girl, about one and twenty, the only remaining pledge of the love that had subsisted between him and his departed wife.

He had, with the greatest exactness, drawn the figure of his child, cast her nativity, formed a diagram of the aspect of the astrological houses, contemplated narrowly the
con-

configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in so many ways, that having brought them to mathematical accuracy, and computed all their directions and revolutions, he announced publicly that she was born to possess great riches. Presuming on this phantasma of his imagination, he had, in the last four years, refused several very advantageous offers, to the great displeasure of his daughter, who, since the age of fifteen had conceived herself perfectly fitted to compose one half of a family establishment. Our astrologer's mode of proceeding was briefly this. The instant any person made an overture, he inquired the hour of his birth, and drew his figure, and when the stars did not promise him what he expected, he dismissed the

inamorato without any farther reason.

In the neighbouring town of Bazas lived a Monsieur Bouffonet, a man as madly attached to Helicon as Mr. Capricorne was to the Zodiac. This poet, a greater fool by several grains than the astrologer, was also richer by many pounds; for, although there is a kind of irreconcilable infociability between the heights of Parnassus and the mines of Peru, Mr. Bouffonet had, at fifty years of age, inherited from a rich banker, whose only heir he was, a fortune of twenty thousand crowns. He had, consequently, forsaken his obscure abode and betaken himself to Paris, there to shine with all the splendor of poetical genius.

He

He had seen Miss Adeline, the daughter of Mr. Capricorne, and felt his heart inflamed with the most unextinguishable passion that ever filled the amorous lays of the wildest poet. The following day he commenced his attack, with two madrigals, an acrostic, six stanzas, a poetical epistle, twelve epigrams, and a sonnet, the forerunners of a solemn declaration of his love. He then informed himself respecting the father, and hearing that the first ceremony of those who presented themselves to him on this occasion, was to declare the hour of their birth, he took the first he thought of, not knowing the exact one, and waited on the old gentleman. Fortunately for him, the hour he had fixed upon proved

totally so precisely with the expectations of our astrologer, that he believed heaven had sent Mr. Bouffonet from Bazas, for the express purpose of accomplishing and fulfilling what he had predicted of his daughter's fortune, and, under this impression, he received him with a cordial welcome.

Adeline, however, was very far from approving of her father's choice. Amongst those whom he had rejected, there was a youth, called La Grange, whose father, a lawyer, had left him in very moderate circumstances, but who expected a considerable property at the demise of a rich old aunt.

This young man lodged within a stone's throw of the astrologer.—

He was well made, handsome, *prêt*
à se

à se pousser dans les affaires, and desperately in love with Adeline. Her duty to her father weighed in her heart for some time against the reciprocal affection she felt for La Grange; but the good old Gertrude, who had brought her up from a child, knew her disposition and wants, and disliking Mr. Capricorne's refusal of so many eligible lovers, assisted her with counsel she was very ready to take, dismissed all her scruples, and, as a mediator and confidante, introduced La Grange into the house whenever an opportunity offered, to enjoy a delicious tête à tête with his dear Adeline.

Things were in this train, when the astrologer, delighted and infatuated with the poet's horoscope,

G 5

which,

which, he said, he had rectified and found just, according to passed accidents, told his daughter, that he was resolved to make him her husband.

This terrible fiat was soon announced to La Grange, and he, old Gertrude, and Adeline, being assembled to take it into serious consideration, and to determine on what could be done, Gertrude advised that Adeline should tell her father candidly, that since he had rejected twenty good offers, she ought at least to have the liberty of refusing one. This refusal, said she, will totally ruin Mr. Capricorne's project, and, in the mean time, we must endeavour to invent some stratagem to bring him to his reason, or, at any rate, to
bring

bring him to consent to your marriage.

What seemed to be a great impediment was, that the poet was well furnished with that with which Mr. Capricorne was nearly unfurnished; viz. cash. However, after a long rumination, Gertrude conceived the following stratagem, which being deemed the best, was consequently adopted.

It was Gertrude's counsel, that, as the evil proceeded from the two follies, the one of the astrologer and the other of the poet, to oppose them both by a third, and that, to this end, Adeline should feign the fool, and La Grange raise a report of his death, upon such grounds as to leave no doubt of it in the mind of Mr. Capricorne.

The rest was to be trusted to her management, and she promised, from the whole, to form a snare from which they should not be able to escape; and her scheme, she added, instead of preventing their meeting, would be the means of their seeing each other oftener, and with less danger.

Having made this resolution, the next day La Grange fell ill, took to his bed, pretended to feel strange and excruciating pains, and begged to see the astrologer. He visited him, and the other, as if he had the most implicit faith in his art, requested him to exercise it without flattery, since he was almost convinced that nothing but a miracle could save him.

Mr.

Mr. Capricorne drew a variety of figures, and finding them of an alarming nature, he announced, not only an evident peril, but certain death in two days, and desired him, gravely, to prepare for the awful period of dissolution.

La Grange followed this prophecy with the greatest fidelity, and, at the exact hour predicted, gave up the ghost. A friend, at whose house he was concealed, prepared a coffin, filled it with rubbish, nailed it down, and carried it to be buried with the accustomed ceremony, at which the astrologer attended, and quickly published, throughout the country, that he had foretold this death long before it happened, even the very day and hour,

hour, and acquired great fame by it for his science.

Adeline no sooner heard of the death of La Grange than she began to perform her part. A number of diagrams, figures, &c. which had cost her father many hours of lost time, she tore to pieces in his presence, as a proof of her derangement. She filled the house with her ravings, which continued to increase so rapidly that, at the end of three days, she was an acknowledged idiot; that is to say, very wise when with Gertrude and La Grange, but extravagant and wild before her father and the poet, on the latter of whom she smartly exercised a cane, whenever he paid her a visit.

The

The first distribution of these baculary influences, (more sure than those of the stars,) only served as matter for the poet's muse, but, being often repeated, they became by no means agreeable, and much mortified his passion.

The astrologer and he had made a mutual promise, this to give his daughter, and that to espouse her, or forfeit five hundred crowns. Now Mr. Capricorne wished Mr. Bouffonet to marry his daughter in her present state or pay the forfeit of his bond: and the poet, in his defence, advanced her madness as an excuse, consenting to take her, however, if she should recover her senses, but certainly not in her present condition, with the disposition she had manifested towards him.

The

The lovers saw each other now almost every day, by the help of Gertrude, who conducted the affair with inimitable prudence, and perceived, with pleasure, that every thing tended insensibly to the end proposed.

Mr. Bouffonet hearing, at this crisis, of a physician who advertised that he had an infallible remedy for madness, sent to him, and, with the astrologer's permission, brought him to his house.

The patient was at the moment lolling in an arm chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulsion, and holding a thick stick negligently in her hand. The doctor took his seat on her right, the poet on her left, and the astrologer and Gertrude stood at some distance.

The

The doctor felt her pulse, examined the symptoms of the convulsive movement, and, after all this preamble, said, that having observed the motions of the convulsion, he could recognise that they were occasioned by the gross vapours which from the inferior parts of the intestines came and concentrated themselves in the cavities of the brain, and brought there with them some fuliginous matter, which they had gathered in the diaphragm. That, besides, the intermittent beating of the pulse denoted visibly that there was an opilation in the veins which carried the blood to the ventricles of the heart, and that this opilation interrupted the measure of the systole and diastole; that is to say, (for, unlike

unlike most of my fellow practitioners, I like, said he, to explain my terms, and render myself perfectly intelligible,) the contraction and dilatation of the heart. That, in fine, the lethargic repose, which proceeds from the soporiferous humours engendered by the denseness of the vapours, prognosticated that there was a narcotic ferment dispersed throughout the whole mass of the blood, which left him no hesitation to say, having well weighed all the appearances, that the patient was non compos mentis, in English, mad.

Mad! I mad? cried Adeline starting up, and laying about her to the right and left, on the shoulders of the physician and poet with so much alertness, that each had received

ceived a dozen smart strokes before the father perceived what she was about ; and when he offered to interpose, the good Gertrude prevented him, saying, she could not think of letting him run the risk of receiving a blow from his daughter.

The catastrophe of this scene made the poet resolve, once for all, to beat a retreat.—He declared he would as soon marry Tisiphone, who whips the little devils about in hell, as such a woman. Mr. Capricorne then demanded the five hundred crowns, of which Gertrude whispered him not to bate a tittle, and they at length parted with the astrologer's threatening to prosecute him for the money, tho' all the stars in heaven should assure

sure him that he should lose his cause.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her scheme, for it was not enough to induce the astrologer to break with the poet, it was also necessary to prevail on him to give his daughter to La Grange. Taking a proper opportunity to talk to Mr. Capricorne on the subject of his child's malady, she, after much prefatory matter, at last conducted him to the point she had in view; when she thus addressed him :

The excellence of your science, sir, cannot be doubted, but do you not perceive that it wholly turns on the figure, while the thoughts of a daughter are entirely bent on the reality. If poor Miss Adeline

is

is in an unhappy state, is it not your fault? Have not your predictions deprived the good Mr. La Grange of his life, and your daughter of her wits? They loved each other like any turtle doves; you frowned upon their passion; he died with grief, and your child no sooner heard of it than she became distracted. But the evil does not end here, for to fill up the measure of our misfortune, for the last five or six days his ghost has regularly every night appeared in her bed-chamber, and Oh! if you could see how in the transports of her raving imagination she embraces and hugs his poor ghost, you could not but regret not having consented to their union.

Eh! What! cried Mr. Capricorne

come staring, his ghost appear to my daughter? Are you sure of it? Well, then I must see it, for I never saw a ghost in my days, and I long to see one above all things. I have a thousand questions to ask, and amongst others, I wish very much to know for certain, whether it is the world or the sun that turns round.*

Neither so much as your head! replied Gertrude. But what if it

* The reader will be pleased to observe, that about this period Copernicus in his work *de revolutionibus orbium Cælestium*, had revived and improved the Pythagorean System, which taught, in opposition to the Ptolomaic, that the earth revolved round the sun as well as round its own axis. Many, long after, however, through ignorance and obstinacy, contended in favour of the absurd schemes of Ptolomy and Tycho.

This to prevent any cavils detrimental to this authentic story.

should

should revenge its death upon you, and tear you to atoms? However, if you are determined on it, I'll tell you what you must do. I have a prayer against spirits, which was given to me by my uncle, the Curè, we'll conceal ourselves till it appears, and then I'll say over the prayer in an audible voice, and you'll have nothing to fear.

That's well thought of, said the astrologer, and you know there's a little closet in my daughter's chamber, wherein we can hide ourselves. The affair being so far settled, away posted Gertrude to prepare the lovers.

Adeline went to bed at her usual hour, leaving her candle burning on the table; the ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped

ped up in a sheet as if he had just arisen from his coffin, and the astronomer with old Gertude stood sentry in the closet.

In about a quarter of an hour after Adeline was in bed, the ghost with a violent rumbling noise issued from his hiding place, and opening the curtains of the bed, he, with a hollow voice, called three times Adeline ! Adeline ! Adeline !

I shall not attempt to describe the terror and palpitation of Mr. Capricorne.—He crouded close to Gertrude, whilst the perspiration ran down his face in torrents, and his respiration being broken, was converted into sighs. Say—Say the prayer—Say it, my dear Gertrude, say it quick, he stuttered.

Gertrude mumbled over some words,

words, when, at the call of the ghost, Adeline jumped up, threw her arms round his neck, said a thousand tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed.

But the ghost assuming a graver air, and pushing her from him, said with a voice that seemed to come from the sepulchre—"O!!! touch me not! Thy father has been my death, but he shall be punished. Hast thou told him, what I have oft repeated, that it is in his power to restore me to light and life; and that my soul will have permission to reanimate my body, if he consent to my marrying thee. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he has done me, terminate the torments I am obliged,

H

ed to inflict on thee, and prevent those I have in store for him !

At each word uttered by the ghost, a fountain of perspiration poured from every limb of the affrighted Capricorne. His curiosity respecting the motion of the earth was at an end. Pressing close to his companion, he said, "What, what shall I do, dear Gertrude? What shall I do? Say over your prayer,—quick, quick, or its all over with me! Why *don't* you speak? What shall I do?

A pretty question! she replied. Step out, to be sure, and tell him that you consent to the marriage,—that's all he wants.

Consent! ah, that I will with all my soul, said he; but as to stepping out, not for the world! You who have no fear of spirits, do you
go

go and tell him whatever you think will appease him. Gertrude obeyed, and after asking permission on her knees to approach the ghost, and making it promise not to hurt her, she executed her embassy. But it replied, No!! He must come himself, or by all my injuries I swear I ——— ——— ——— ———

Oh, pray, cried Gertrude, pray dont swear,—dont swear, and I'll go and bring him to you directly.

She now drew Mr. Capricorne from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himself on his knees before La Grange, and without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired.

I will not take thy word ! said
he. Gertrude ! here in my bosom
thou wilt find a paper, draw it
H 2 forth,

forth, and let him sign it. I employed one of the greatest lawyers that ever breathed (now in hell) to make it fast and binding! Sign!!

The old woman presently took out the paper, a contract all ready prepared, which the astrologer signed without hesitation.

A part of what is to be done, is done! said Le Grange. But I shall not revive until thou hast unburthened me of this winding sheet, and placed my corse even with thine own hands in thy daughter's bed, and when I shall resuscitate, we will perform the rest of the ceremony.

Capricorne and Gertrude straight set about undressing this living corse, and quickly placed him in the bed by the side of his dear Adeline. He
was

was no sooner there, than heaving a deep sigh, he exclaimed, Ah!! heaven be praised, I revive! Adieu! good night, Mr. Capricorne!

CHAP. IX.

THE host having terminated his history, to the great satisfaction of the company, and the last bottle of Rouffillon being finished, I rose, and declared my intention to pursue my journey.

I had scarcely uttered the words, before the mountaineers, looking at each other, started up at the same moment, and the gentleman with the red mustaches, pretending to be fuddled (for so I afterwards concluded) swore by the Virgin he would accompany me part of the way; that I was a pleasant fellow, and that we should have

have another drop of the juice at the next place we came to, and then part.

To this I could not object, but taking it as a kindness, I took up my merchandize, bade the host and his wife farewell, and we sat off merrily together. It was then about eight in the evening, the sun declining beneath the horizon and the air cool and refreshing. Talking about various things, we proceeded nearly a mile and half, when coming to rather a sequestered place at the foot of a hill, they all three fell upon me, knocked me down, robbed and killed me—that is, as they thought, for they gave me a dozen *mortal stabs*—But what are mortal stabs to an immortal!—Nothing; and I merely shammed

H †

dead,

dead, that they might leave off thumping and sticking me.

After they were gone, I could not help thinking that I vastly resembled Homer's gods. I possessed their immortality, with all the follies and vices of man. There was this difference between us it is true,

Οὐ γὰρ σπονὶν ἔδεσ', ἢ πινουσ' αἰδοπα οἶνον*.

that they eat no meat and drink no wine, both of which I did abundantly. By the bye, mayn't the αἰδοψ οἶνος or *black wine* in this verse, be a cant phrase in heaven for *port*, as on earth we often call it *black strap*?

This may appear an odd place for these *acute criticisms*, but I would have the reader to know,

* Hom. Il. 5. v. 341.

that

that I suffered no pain from my stabs, and continued my learned remarks in consequence of them in the following manner.

I put my hand to the wounds, and felt a certain liquor trickling from them, but it was not blood, but

Ιχνη, οἷος περ τε θεῖς μάκαρσσι θεοῖσιν.

ICHOR, such as flows from * the blessed gods; such as fell from the hand of Venus when wounded by Diomedes, and such as gushed from Mars when the same Hero wounded him in the belly †, and sent him howling to heaven. Here again I would remark, that it strikēs me,

* στασι χιρᾶ. Il. 5, v. 336.

† εἰς κοιλίην. Il. 5, v. 857. Which may also be translated *in vacuo*.

that if these wounds had happened contrarily, there would have been much more propriety in them *.

To know how to cure wounds speedily is a desirable knowledge, and I wish I could give the reader as much information respecting other wounds, as I can respecting my own.—But what I can, I will.—Nothing can be more easy than the remedy I used—'twas simply this—*I wiped away the Ichor, and they were cured* †.

* On Venus's flying, the chief upbraids her for meddling with wars, and according to Pope's translation of the passage, he seems strongly to support my argument. I shall not transcribe it, but see the four first words of the 437th line of the 5th book of the Iliad, as translated by Pope.

† Hom. Il. v. 416-7. What a pity it is that our surgeons do not study Homer for the cure of wounds!

Well,

Well, having settled all these points in my own mind, I took up my ware, which they had not thought worth taking away, and damning the rascals for dirtying my cloaths, I proceeded to the village at which I intended to take up my abode for the night. It was not above a league and a half distant, and in little more than an hour I came within sight of it.

It was then growing very dusky, and the clouds coming over, portended rain. I hastened my steps. As I approached the little hamlet at which I was to sleep, I perceived that it was lit up either by lamps or a rousing fire; and presently as I came nearer, I heard a confused uproar of "broad-faced, obstreperous mirth" and jollity. At length arriving, I thought, be-

fore I entered, I might as well take a peep through the lattice and see what sort of company I was likely to join.

Heaven defend me ! who should be sitting there, comfortable before a fine wood fire, but the three infernal villains who had robbed, and according to their best intentions, murdered me. Some people would have run away, but I saw it was going to be a bad night, and having walked sufficiently that day, I resolved to make them turn out and leave me there to rest.

I knew they were murderers in their hearts, and consequently afraid of every thing, but especially of ghosts, which I gathered from their conduct during the time we had spent together with the host and his

his wife. I had told them that I was coming to this very house, but they thinking they had left me,

— Safe in a ditch —

With twenty trenched gashes on my head,
The least a death to Nature,

did not fear my coming, and had betaken themselves here in my stead. All these circumstances determined me to appear suddenly among them and try the effect. Some chalk was easily procured— with this I rubbed my cheeks and forehead; then getting over a slight paling there was, I went round, and entering the house by a back door, unexpectedly stood before them. The moment the red-whiskered gentleman fixed his eyes on me, he hung his lower jaw almost to the waistband of his breeches, extended

extended his eyes, and in a fit of trembling moved rapidly towards the door. The others were presently seized with the same symptoms. —I kept a still, stiff, formal posture —and in about forty seconds after my appearance, they had all reached the door, and then set off as if the devil himself was at their heels.

Nobody now remained in the house but myself and the old woman who kept it, and had been sitting with my friends the mountaineers. She had viewed every thing that had passed with considerable astonishment, but being innocent of ever having done me, or perhaps any one, any injury, she had taken me for no ghost, and could not conceive the meaning of the strange conduct she had seen.

This

This I explained to her perfect satisfaction in every point but one. Robbed, my friend! said she; but if you have been robbed, pray how do you mean to pay for your night's lodging?

The question was natural; but I soon quieted her on that head, by saying that I had not been robbed of all my money; and to prove it, I, with the same facility as I had done it at Constance to the jailor, produced enough to discharge the most exorbitant demand she could make. After this we barricadoed the doors, and before I went to bed I had the pleasure to hear the storm come on in a most furious manner, and leaving it to heaven to revenge my wrongs, I slept soundly till the morning.

Rising

Rising with the lark, I pursued my journey—my last day's journey.

“ It was in the close of a fine summer's day, in the gay and cheerful month of June, that I viewed from a distance the turrets of St. Godwin. I procured myself accommodations for the night in the adjoining village. Being now, after so long an absence, within reach of the residence of these *lovely treasures*, I fought without any direct consciousness of the sentiment to delay our interview. I longed most fervently to be informed of the welfare of my daughters, yet I could have died sooner than utter a single question on the subject. I felt, to be plain and clear, *a fearful, awe-struck, motionless anxiety*.” *

* V. 4, p. 11.

I made

I made no enquiry about them, but quietly enjoyed "*the refined and rich meat of uncertainty* *."

"Before the morning's dawn, I walked forth, and turned my eyes towards the castle. I loitered from bank to bank, and *from point to point*. Day slowly broke in" (or rather broke out) "upon me, but all was silent and quiet in my paternal chateau †." Upon which I said to myself, and I admire the saying, as one of the most beautifully simple and natural I ever uttered, "The family is not yet stirring ‡."

"I now turned my steps to the spot where the ashes of my mother were mingled with their parent earth, and knowing I should meet

* V. 4. p. 12. † V. 4. p. 13. V. 4. p. 14.

her

her shade there, I resolved to salute it*. But Oh, sweet reader, what was I doomed to see in this repository of the dead. Oh! “overwhelming mode of learning the sad, painful intelligence †.”

Near my mother's tomb, stood that of my Margery.—I could have wept, but casting my eye by chance on the words written thereon, I read that she had *died in child-bed*, according to the date, *two years after I left her*. I stopped my coming tears, and determined to know the worst, past on to the next monument. This, though it covered the remains of one I never knew, “touched all the pulses of my soul ‡.” On this, I was surprised to find some verses inscribed in

* V. 4, p. 14. † V. 4, p. 21, ‡ V. 4, p. 32.

English,

English, and composed by my little Marguerite.

In my youth I had learned English at Paris, and while living at Constance, had instructed little Marguerite in the rudiments of that tongue. But she had since had a better master, in an English lover—Love has indeed a wonderful facility at instilling a thing into a woman, and under him she had made a great proficiency. Her instructor's tomb was now the object of my contemplation. The cause of his death I afterwards learned; it was this.—He was a young Englishman of family and fortune, who was travelling for his amusement and information, when he saw and fell desperately in love with my
little

little Marguerite. She sympathised and encouraged his flame. The youth's father, a rough, down-right Englishman, proud to a folly of his country, heard of this amour, and wrote to his son, that he would never see him more, if he disgraced the blood of old England, by mixing it with that of any French b—h in Christendom.

The lover consequently pined, and “the vital principles of his system being deranged *,” he died.

Little Marguerite raised the stone, I now beheld, to his memory, and on it had engraved the following highly delicate, moving, and pathetic verses.

* V. 4, p. 25.

EPITAPH.

O cruel death! how could you be so unkind,
As to take him *before*, and leave me *behind*?
Indeed it would have shewn your kindness
more,
To have left him *behind*, and taken me
before *!

She did not survive this above
nine and thirty years, but fell a
victim to it in her bloom, and was
buried by his side in the sixty-first
year of her age. I prostrated my-
self before the graves of these two
singularly pure and affectionate
lovers. But I had not been there
long, when, perhaps angry at my
neglect, “the spirit of my mama
came by and frowned upon her

* The genuineness of these lines is proved by
that quaintness of wit and harshness of verse,
which mark the poetry of the English bards at
the commencement of the sixteenth century.

son.

son *. I immediately rose, and returned along the path by which I came, disgraced, and disconsolate."

"I am now," said I, "in a fit temper to learn intelligence of my other daughters: if they have been *unhappy* to hear, it will *not* make me *more forlorn* †." (What could a father say more!)

"I hastened towards the avenue. I told my pretended business to the servants of the house, and proposed my commodities; I was admitted, as I desired, to the apartments of their mistresses."

As I drew near the door, "*their light and airy* figures, as I last saw them at Constance in 1547, danced before the eyes of my imagination. I was afraid to breathe ‡."

* V. 4, p. 15. † V. 4, p. 15. ‡ V. 4, p. 12.

Entering,

Entering, "I saw two ladies who appeared to be respectively about seventy-eight and seventy-four years of age, and whom, but not without much difficulty, I recognised for my daughters, Julia and Louisa *." The youngest appeared to me to have St. Vitus's dance, and the eldest, whose nose and chin were in perfect contact, was very much palsied, and nodded her head about in all directions like a mandarine on a chimney-piece. "Their gesture and manners, as I expected, were *finished, matronly, and sedate* †."

They were seated in arm chairs with their backs to the door, and being, as I afterwards understood, both deaf, they did not know

* V. 4. p. 15.

† V. 4. p. 3.

that

that I was in the room, until I marched up between them; when one mumbling out, La, blefs me, how you frighten a body! the other, putting on her fpectacles and looking up, took me for the apothecary. What a fituation for a father!!

In vain did I proteft that I was no apothecary, for they could not hear a word I faid. At length, "*the mysterious fympathies of our nature*" getting the better of me, I feized hold of Louifa, and threw my arms round her neck. The other instantly began kicking the floor as if fhe was mad. Immediately two fervants appeared, and according to their miftreffes orders, not-

* V. 4, p. 38.

withftanding

withstanding all the oratory of a father, I was kicked out of doors.

“ I now quitted the residence of my daughters. I had satisfied the longing curiosity of a father, had seen their situation, had *witnessed their beauty, their accomplishments, and their virtues* *.

Leaving St. Godwin, “ the idea of these two amiable sisters soon *faded in my sensorium* †.” “ I laid my hand upon my heart, and congratulated myself ‡ !”

* V. 4, p. 35. † V. 4, p. 38. ‡ V. 4, p. 19.

CHAP. X.

“FROM St. Godwin I proceeded to the kingdom of Hungary. To complete this journey, I must pass through near (to be plain) *twenty degrees of longitude*. But that was a trivial consideration.”*—I made but a step from one place to the other.

In the “*elevatedness*”† of my great “self-balanced soul,”‡ I had resolved to undertake the “*reviviscence* of Hungary.”

The project was grand, but I

* V. 4. p. 40. † V. 4. p. 111. ‡ V. 4. p. 201.
§ V. 4. p. 192.

found it such a dull unprofitable piece of business, that I should pass it over almost unnoticed, if it did not lead to a trifling event which I shall just recount, and then proceed to matter of more entertainment.

On my arrival at Buda, I found the people all starving. I immediately “bestowed a certain *strictness of reflection* on the subject,”* which brought me to the wise and deep conclusion, that gold “could be neither eaten nor drunk; nor could it *of itself* either clothe the naked or shelter the houseless.”†

They wanted gold, it is true, but they wanted industry more. The Carpathian mountains would have yielded them the former, if any

* V. 4. p. 51. † V. 4. p. 51.

thing could have inoculated them with the latter. I set about doing this, and having induced them to build and cultivate their fields, I thought I had succeeded tolerably well, when on a sudden, whilst the seed was yet in the ground, another famine came. The people murmured, and accusing me, to whom they had the moment before paid adoration, of being the cause of it, threatened to break out in open rebellion, and unless they had food, to destroy every thing they had done. I then saw the folly of my undertaking, and only looked about for the means of making a safe escape. I found them starving, and I should leave them starving; and I verily believe their country is
called

called HUNGARY, or HUNG'RY, because they always are starving.

Fearing the outrage of the insurgents, I applied to the bashaw of the province for a guard to protect me. I waited on him in person with presents—he received them graciously, told me he had long employed a spy on my actions, and that he wished to send me to Constantinople to answer to his master for daring to assume his sole privilege, that of doing good to his subjects. This journey I very much disapproved of—I ventured to hint my objection; accompanied by a handsome bribe, which was accepted, and I was for the present dismissed with the guard I had petitioned.

My situation was now terrible

I 3

indeed.

indeed. Bribery itself afforded me no complete security from the infernal bashaw ; who, though I *was immortal*, “ had *sufficiently shown me* I was at the mercy of his caprice, or of that of his master, for my liberty. and *even for my life.*”*

This alarmed me exceedingly—what was to be done? I wanted a friend to consult—I cast my eyes about, and soon fixed upon one. The name of the man was Bethlem Gabor, or as he told me *Giber*—some supplying the vowels in that manner. I shall describe him. He was a Turkish-Jew, and had been a desperate warrior. “ He was more than six feet in stature. His voice was like thunder. His head and chin were clothed with a

* V. 4. p. 109.

shaggy

shaggy hair, in colour a dead black. In the wars he had lost three fingers of one of his hands; the sight of his right eye was extinguished, and the cheek half shot away, while the same explosion had burned his complexion into a colour that was universally dun or black. His nose was scarred, and his lips were thick and large”*

Such was the amiable creature I elected for my bosom friend.

“If ever on the face of the earth there lived a misanthrope, old *Bedlam* (for so I used to call him) was the man.

“He cursed mankind, he rose up in *fierce defiance of eternal providence*; and your blood curdled within you as he spoke: Such was Bethlem Gabor: I COULD NOT

* V. 4. p. 115-6.

HELP ADMIRING HIM!!”* “In his estimate, the poorest and most servile of all maxims was that of the author of the Christian religion, to repay injury with favour, and curses with benediction.†—I felt myself attached to him!”‡

“Frequently did we continue whole nights, relieving our souls by cursing and d——g all the world; and were surprised still at our serious board by the light of the morrow’s sun. It is scarcely necessary to add, that my *understanding* confirmed what my heart impelled, and that old Bedlam appeared to me the fittest man in the world upon whom to fix for my friend!”§

“I have now I believe fully ac-

* V. 4. p. 121. † V. 4. p. 130. ‡ V. 4. p. 128.

§ V. 4. p. 123.

counted

counted for our intimacy, and displayed the *ligatures* that secretly bound us to each other.”*

His castle had been destroyed by the enemy, and thinking I could not do too much for such a man, “I proposed to him the rebuilding of it, and I at length obtained his permission to send off a corps of workmen for that purpose. I also restored the condition of his fields; with considerable difficulty I replaced the cattle he had lost, by purchases in Poland; and I revived his *dilapidated revenues*.”† In a word, I did him every service in my power.§

I 5

I

* V. 4. p. 123. † V. 4. p. 126.

§ It seems almost unnecessary for me to say, that I borrowed this character in part from *De Montford*, a tragedy, published in a series of plays,

I believed him to be just the
“self-centred *individual*”† I was
myself,

plays, depicting the passions, and now preparing for representation at Drury-lane theatre. The misanthropic hero, there, experiences every description of kindness from another, which only serves to make him hate his benefactor the more, and he in the end destroys him. It will be seen that old Bedlam would have rewarded me in the same manner, if I had not tasted the *Julep*.

It may appear remarkable that I, who live as it were in the theatres, should say nothing about them in my whole work, but what I here state. This is my reason: to descant on Shakspeare, and the writers of the beginning of the 18th century, would be superfluous; and in those of the latter end of it, although I have watched them narrowly, I have discovered but one thing of their invention important enough to rescue the dramatists of this period from the imputation of dulness and want of originality. I am happy to record it.

Mr. Knight, author of the Turnpike Gate, with all the daring boldness of genius, proposes in his advertisement, to substitute “for the old
and,

† V. 4. p. 26.

myself. But "Little, alas! did
I understand the compound of ten-
I 6 dernefs

and ridiculous signs of P. S. (prompt-side) and O. P. (opposite prompt,) R. H. (right hand) and L. H. (left hand)." To this truly original thought, there is but one objection, and that the fervour of the author's imagination led him to neglect. It is, that the players all know where the *prompter* is, but all do not know their right hand from their left. If the military plan, however, of chalking the right arm was introduced, I think this great idea would then be every way perfect.

Other ingenious novelties, (but far less momentous,) such as a man in want of light, calling to the moon to appear, and she appears, (Voluntary of wealth); or virgins singing to the sun to come and light their fire, which he does, (Pizarro); or the very clever trick, when an author has brought his characters all together, and does not know how to get rid of them, of suddenly letting the curtain fall, &c. &c. I could dwell on with delight; but paper is so excessively dear, that I must be excused for thus briefly touching on the grand and sublime inventions of the fag-end of 1800.

derness and ferocity, of *decisiveness* and *inscrutability*, with which I was now concerned.”*

“My friend, such I esteemed him, had been absent some time at his castle; I expected his return to my residence, and anxious as I was to pay him every mark of attention, I proposed to set out to meet him.” His castle was in the *northerly* part of the kingdom. When I departed, “the air was *genial and balsamic*,”† and I at length passed the lines of the soldiers planted for the defence of the soil against the depredations of the enemy.—The Austrians and Hungarians under the Turkish yoke were then at war. The road I took led upon the borders of that

* V. 4. p. 134. † V. 4. p. 135.

part of Hungary subject to Austria, and before I had proceeded far, I was taken prisoner; but I managed to give them the slip, and presently meeting old Bedlam, we made for the castle.

When we arrived, I was fatigued and hungry, and I recollect he gave me a very bad supper, for which he apologised, saying, "to-morrow you shall be accommodated in a different manner."* And, curse him, so I was!

"Retiring to rest, I soon fell asleep, from which I was awaked after some hours' repose" (perhaps two) "by the presence of Gabor standing by the side of my couch. He invited me to rise, and of all things in the world, *started the plan*

* V. 4. p. 146.

of

of our visiting together the various subterraneous apartments of the castle." *

I felt a strong inclination to say, If I go, I'll be ——. But thinking it an act of kindness and politeness, I rose, dressed and followed him. We passed through a number of subterraneous cells, he carrying the light and discharging the office of a guide, but not of an interpreter, for he said not a word. His silence, however, was rather desirable than otherwise.—“His voice,” as I have already said, “was the voice of thunder; and rolling in a rich and sublime swell, it arrested and stilled, while it wither'd all the nerves of the soul.” †

* V. 4. p. 149.

† V. 2. p. 34.

The less one hears, I think, of such a voice, the better !

“ I thought there would be no end to our pilgrimage. At length we came to a strong door, cross-barred and secured with a frame of iron.” I was in hopes this might be a cellar containing some choice wine. “ He unlocked it—there was a descent of five steps.—He then faced about with the torch in his hand : I was close behind him. Stay where you are ! said he with a furious accent, and thrust me violently from him : The violence was unexpected : I staggered from the top of the steps to the bottom. The door closed with a loud report ; old Bedlam disappeared ; I was left in darkness.” *

* V. 4. p. 154.

Thus

Thus entrapped, "I cursed; I stamped with my feet; I smote my forehead with my closed hands; I tore my hair, but all in vain, nothing came of it!" * I stayed here one month without seeing any one, during which time I felt "*the horrors of hunger sublimed by despair.*"† "*What a termination of life was this for*"‡ AN IMMORTAL BEING!

At last Gabor came and peeped into the cell, thinking to find me dead, or at any rate too sick to eat, he therefore brought me some provision. Seeing I still lived, he looked at "*my glassy and rayless eyes,*"§ and said in a tone that might "*quail the stoutest.*"||

* V. 4. p. 161.

† V. 4. p. 163.

‡ V. 4. p. 161.

§ V. 4. p. 166.

|| V. 4. p. 153.

"I hate

“ I hate the man in whom kindness produces no responsive affection !†
There is food ; there is a light ;
eat !”

Though I observed that his look was very “ *truculent*,” and his “ eyes blasted and dried to horn,”§ I determined to expostulate with him.

My expostulation was fruitless. He said he hated me, and would never forgive me for having attempted only to benefit mankind.

Knowing (for though I had a “ *boy-aspect*,” I possessed “ *a time-instructed mind*”)† that many people who are not pleased to see others benefitted, have no objection to be benefitted themselves, I offered him whatever price he should fix

† V. 4. p. 172. § V. 4. p. 170. † V. 4. p. 191.

on for my ransom. To this overture he appeared to yield some degree of attention ; but inquired in what manner I could procure him money in my dungeon.

I now told him, that I had at Buda a chest, which, if he would convey to me, I should be able to satisfy him. He retired, and the next time I saw him, he brought the chest, and left it with me. " The chest contained not gold, but the implements for making and fashioning gold."*

The reader may recollect that, in the prison at Constance, I produced gold without all this apparatus, and may wonder why I don't do so now.——I leave him to wonder !

* V. 4 p. 178.

“ My

“ My task being finished, I carefully displayed the effect of my labour against Gabor should visit my cell. He came, and, with an infernal laugh, told me, that he had before opened my chest, and saw there was no money in it, he therefore knew I possessed the philosopher’s stone. — Now, continued he, I possess you, which is the same thing, for you shall remain here my slave, and supply me with all the resources I demand.

“ Without uttering a word more, he seized the gold, closed the door of my cavern, locked it, and departed.”

Here was a pretty business! Here was a nice employment for the possessor of immortality and the philosopher’s stone. While pondering

dering on what a stupid dog I had been, I insensibly fell into a profound nap.

Some people affect to despise dreams, but with injustice. I'll relate mine, and then you may judge.

“ I dreamed I saw Charly, my dearest and only boy, exactly such as he had parted from me at the Saxon court. Presently, instead of a boy, I beheld a knight cased in complete proof. — Again the figure changed to that of a lovely girl, with wings: I instantly embraced it, and we had such a fly together! — While in the air, I looked down, and saw Gabor's castle a prey to devouring flames. — Here ended my dream.*

* V. 4. p. 195.

I had

I had this dream, gentle reader, but twice more, before the Austrians attacked the castle, set it on fire, and released me. "Old Bedlam died in a ditch!"†

After I had got a barber‡ to shave me, and put my hair in a little order, I went to a "centinel, and demanded that he would conduct me to his commander. He led me to the centre of the little encampment, and I stood in the presence of the chief. I lifted up my eye to behold him, (there's no beholding without,) and was petrified with such astonishment as, till that hour, I had never felt. It was Charles, my Charly, my son, my only-son, the darling of my Margery, the idol of my soul!"||

† V. 4 p. 201. ‡ V. 4 p. 213: || V. 4 p. 208.

My child was now about eighty-five, and came, like another Nestor, to the field. I saluted the venerable old man. Seeing me clean-shaved, and a decent-looking youth, he enquired my name. At Buda, I went by the appellation of the *Sieur Chatillon*, but I now thought it prudent not to declare that, I therefore called myself *D'Aubigny*.

This was a fortunate circumstance for me, for during a conversation I had with my *glorious boy*, he took an opportunity of expressing himself to this effect.

“ There is but one other man in Hungary who has been so effectual an enemy to the cause of truth and Christianity as *Bethlem Gabor*. The name of this man, I understand,

stand, is *Chatillon*, and I grieve to say, that he bears the name of a Frenchman. To the eternal disgrace of the nation that gave him birth, he joined the Turkish standard, and, for a time, rescued the infidels from famine. It was this same man who revived the resources of Gabor. Such a wretch as this," he continued, "is scarcely intitled to the common benefit of the laws of war. I would not allow it to him. No; damn him, if ever he falls in my power, I'll cut him up piece-meal!"*

I made as *short stay* in his company *after this* as possible! I knew that he could never recognise me for his father, though he might, by chance, learn that I was Mon-

* V. 4. p 222. 223.

seur Chatillon, I therefore resolved to purchase a horse, and, leaving my hero to pursue his career, make the best of my way out of Hungary.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

IMMEDIATELY after quitting this “*blood-delighting* *” chief, I went to enquire the speediest method of making my escape. In the course of my search for information on this head, I learnt some on another, which determined me to make one experiment before my departure.

This was my experiment.—I was told that my liquorish-toothed old dog of a son had fallen in love with “a young lady of quality, named Pandora, niece to Nadaſti, great palatine of Hungary,”† and that his addressees were approved of by

* V. 4. p. 42.

† V. 4. p. 258.

the uncle, who was at that moment with the fair one on a visit at the head quarters, some miles from our camp. I heard of Charley's passion and of the uncle's approbation of it, but I heard nothing of any sympathetic affection in the niece. This circumstance, added to a good augury I drew from the young lady's name, which seemed to promise much mischief, induced me to take the resolution of attempting to carry her off, and thus revenge myself on Charley for his kind intentions towards Monsieur Chatillon.

I succeeded beyond my expectation. Arriving at head quarters, the first thing I did was to bribe one of her female attendants, which I did till I made her entirely my own. I then desired her to hint to her
young

young mistress that I, an English nobleman, was smitten with her charms, and ardently desired to throw myself and fortune at her feet. This declaration was well received, and she soon consented to an interview.—“We met in a remote part of the garden.”*

I was young, my “shoulders broad,”† and my person unexceptionable.

Pandora was about seventeen, and beautiful as an Houri. Her symmetry was so perfect, the pearly lustre of her skin so admirable, and her form and *carriage so light and ethereal,*”|| that she seemed built purposely for an *immortal*. But

* V. 4. p. 278.

† V. 4, p. 269. || V. 4, p. 268.

“you, gentle reader, if you had seen her, would have thought she would be withered and destroyed in my embrace.”* However, I can assure you, that I found her a woman of great capability, and not in the least likely to complain of any such thing. I stormed her heart with flattery and promises of eternal love. “She was overwhelmed and incapable of effort. For my own part, *my feelings were uncommonly complicated.*”† “The conversation was interesting and soothing to us both.”‡ For during it, she informed me that she detested the nasty old fellow her uncle had chosen for her husband, and that

* V. 4, p. 269.

† V. 4. p. 297.

‡ V. 4. p. 250.

she would elope with me, or indeed with any one, rather than not get rid of him.

After this interview, I set about preparing horses for our flight.—She was an excellent rider.—Two fleet couriers were quickly obtained, and at a propitious moment, the lovely Pandora committed herself to my protection, and we absconded—pursued our route along the course of the Danube, reached the Rhine, and crossed into Alsace, a province of France.

This I considered as my *opus magnum*,* or chef d'œuvre. Not love, but safety had till now occupied the whole of my thoughts, but having arrived at Strasburg, and refreshed

V. 4. p. 305.

K 3

ourselves,

ourselves, I began to feel a dislike to remain any longer "in an anomalous and neutral situation." * My angel in consequence reminded me of my promise of marriage, to which, as I had no manner of objection, I instantly agreed, rather than delay the feast. We were presently tacked together; and "I could, if I pleased, fill a volume" † with an account of our loves merely for the first month, but let it suffice to say that I found her in every respect a sweet "commingling soul." ‡

My happiness was now compleat, and all my past toil and suffering lost and forgotten in the enjoyment of the present moment. My wife

* V. 4. p. 34.

† V. 4. p. 186.

‡ V. 4. p. 253.

seventeen,

seventeen, I twenty, with an endless source of wealth, and all *the world before us, where to pick and choose.*

I had as yet acted like an idiot. I had taken up my residence in villages and petty towns, where every one had his eye on me.—In a word, I had hitherto lived amongst either honest men or fools, neither of which could answer my purpose. Wherever there was the greatest number of knaves, was the sphere in which my riches would give me splendor. Knowing this, I determined to go to Paris, as the nearest mart of vice.

Speaking English tolerably, and having lost much of my French idiom and pronunciation during my stay in Italy, Spain, and Germany.

I fixed on the character of an officer in the English army to appear in at Paris. My wife speaking very good French, I should there be supposed to have married a foreigner, and to be travelling either to see her friends, or to amuse ourselves with the pleasures of the metropolis of France.—In either case, as an English gentleman, a *mi lord Anglois*, I should be permitted, without suspicion, to squander away as much money as I pleased.

We entered Paris in a most splendid style, and were in a very short time provided with a hotel, (so noblemen's houses are called,) with spacious courts and gardens, near the palace. Appearing in this reputable and family manner with my wife, and giving public entertainments

ments of all kinds, in a style so superb, I was not long before I became as intimate with the Parisians, as if I had lived with them the whole of my life.

All Paris rung with the report of my magnificence, and there was but one thing wanting to give perfection to my character in the eyes of my acquaintance. It was a custom at this period, for every one who wished to be ranked as a gentleman and a man of honour, to distinguish himself by fighting a few duels.—He was then considered as a man of courage, and had a passport into all companies.

This little deficiency in me was, but not by my own seeking, very soon obviated, and my name elevated as high in the roll of the cou-

rageous as any moderate man could have wished.

The anecdote is rather trivial, and at this distance of time my memory scarcely serves me, but I believe it was for some such trifle as debauching the wife of a colonel. I was obliged to fight him, and afterwards the whole regiment, that is, all the officers. Being immortal, they pinked at me, and shot at me in vain.—Some I wounded in the leg, others in the arm, and so on, until they all declared that I had given ample satisfaction. This event settled my reputation in the field upon such a footing that I am sure there was not a Frenchman afterwards who would not as soon have gone to the devil as called me out.

From

From this moment I followed the dictates of my passions, without any impediment—indulging in every thing my wishes could suggest. I was a little inconstant I own, but wasn't Pandora so too? Affuredly she was! But "the heart is free,"* and I was unable to blame her. *Liberty and no constraint!* was our motto. I hate the man who presumes to think he has a right to monopolize any woman! Women, like air, were by nature intended as a common advantage, and should be free and open to every man that breathes,—and like the air, should be permitted, as the poet expresses it, *to go about kissing every one they meet.* These are my sentiments, and I despise

V. 4. p. 294.

K 6

the

the "infamous, thrice-damned villain," * that does not subscribe to them. The colonel I have just mentioned did not, and I should have said, that I in consequence felt it my duty to run him through the guts.

My enjoyments were now uncontrouled and excessive—I fondly expected them to last for ever! But it was my fate to rejoice for moments, and to lament for years." † My years of lamentation were at hand.

Wantoning in the success of my riches, before which I found no opposition, I sought for difficulty, and in my search at length unfortunately met with a beauty of the day, who was the favourite mistress of the

* V. 4. p. 326.

† V. 4. p. 255.

king.

king. This seemed an object worthy of attack.—Imitating a fellow-immortal,* I visited her in a shower of gold.—She admitted me to her embraces; but I had not been locked long in her arms, when, by order of his majesty, I was seized and locked in the Bastille.

* “His name’s *Jupiter*; the story is extant, and writ in choice *Latin*.” Hamlet, Act. 3. sc. 6.

CHAP. XII.

BEING confined by the king's particular command, I found there was no chance of making my escape by the power of money, I therefore thought it best to sum up all my patience, and wait the effect of time. Here it was that I first formed my notions, which I afterwards promulgated in England, of *absolute necessity* presiding over all the actions of man. Upon this ground, I cordially forgave his majesty for taking away my liberty, because I knew he could not avoid it; and I now, also, freely pardoned

pardoned the mountaineers who had robbed and endeavoured to kill me, as I firmly believe that “the assassin cannot help the murder he commits, any more than the dagger.* My marriage with Pandora I ascribed to the *divinity of necessity*, or I should have been very much ashamed of myself for having committed such a *fraudulent†* act. I received too no inconsiderable relief from the reflection, that my wife had considered our marriage as a mere form, and no kind of tie that prevented her from distributing her favours universally. To

* Enquiry concerning Political Justice, p. 689.

See an excellent Review of this work in the British Critic. V. 1. p. 307.

† P. 851. Id.

her

her unrestrained prostitution, I ascribe all that ease of manner, flow of fancy, and graceful intrepidity of thinking, which rendered her so amiable in my eyes*. My tenet on this head was, that “marriage is an affair of property,” (the property, your wife—which most men will agree with me in acknowledging to be) “the worst of all properties†.” By my ingenious rule it may be seen, that no man can be deemed either vir-

* “Few women of regular and reputable lives have that ease of manner, that flow of fancy, and that graceful intrepidity of thinking and expressing themselves, that is sometimes to be found among those who have discharged themselves, in a certain degree, from the tyranny of custom.”
Vol. I.

† Enquiry, &c. p. 850. Id.

tuous

tuous or vicious, since he is not the master of his actions.

My sudden disappearance did not at all astonish the good people of Paris, amongst whom such things were very common; and my leaving my wife behind me was also considered as exceedingly natural, and what every prudent man would do.

“ I might unfold the secrets of my prison house, but I will not *.” I shall simply say that my abode was by no means agreeable; and that the reader might have guessed.

But, “ I had received an education, *I thank them*, (that’s good!) in the dungeons of the Spanish inquisition, and if that be properly considered, it will not be wonder-

* V. 4. p. 186.

ed at, that I was superior to ordinary terrors. Early in my *present* situation, the presentiment had suggested itself to me, that by some striking event, I should be rescued from my *present* confinement, and improbable as the suggestion was *,” so it happened. I had been in the Bastille, from the 12th of July 1612, till the 14th of July 1789; that is, one hundred and seventy-seven years and two days, when the destruction of my prison taking place, I was released.

My wife it was in vain to look for—she was in all probability no more, and if otherwise, at that time I should certainly not have been

* V. 4. p. 194.

much

much pleased to see her. Every soul I had known in Paris was dead, and the whole state of affairs, and the minds of men entirely revolutionized.

Having settled myself comfortably, I entered warmly into the politics of the day, and studied JACOBINISM, in (as I may say) the primeval schools — drank it in a manner at the very source. “*It twisted itself,*” (as I observed of the death of our black dog) “*with all the fibres of my bosom.*”

Here I continued in glorious riot and confusion, until the reign of Robespierre, when the guillotine was brought into rapid play, and every rich man's head lopped off for his property. This alarmed me! I should

should not have minded hanging of a pin's point, but I was fearful that after they had cut off my head, I should not be able to find it again, and so be obliged to go about without one, which, though no uncommon thing in a *figurative* sense, would in reality render me very unfit for conversation and company. I therefore resolved to go to America. In this resolution, however, I was deceived, and instead of visiting America, I was compelled, by *the omnipotence of necessity*, to visit England, but in such a way as never man visited it before.

Embarking at Marseilles, we sailed safely with a prosperous wind from the Mediterranean through the straits of Gibraltar, till we came
to

to the Atlantic, when within about seventeen degrees north latitude the ship foundered. Before she sunk, the crew, knowing the danger, employed themselves, some in praying, others in swearing, and many in endeavouring to save a part of their property. I did none of these; but like Bias, one of the seven sages of Greece, when Priene was taken, and the citizens were striving to bear away their goods, stood inactive; and if I had been asked why I did not do the same, like him, I might have replied, My friends I do; for I carry all my possessions with me*.

Well, down went the vessel, and their property then only served to

* Valer. l. vii.

facilitate their sinking, while mine (that is my property of immortality) kept me afloat. Indeed you might as well attempt to drown a cork as an immortal.

One tough old tar, whose skin was "*imbrowned with age**," got on a rafter and held out for a couple of days, but his faculties gradually "*lethargised into death,†*" and I at last saw him set off for Davy's locker. I was really sorry for the poor fellow, and would have saved him if the waves had not kept us asunder. Before he sunk, he hailed me, crying out as loud as he could, Farewel, master! The ocean's a sailor's bed, and I am going to take a nap, but I sorely fear the sheets are so damp, that

* V. 4, p. 147 † V. 4, p. 187.

they

they will be my death. Well, well, in I go, for damme if I can keep my eyes open any longer. I see master, you are a precious good swimmer, and I wish you safe in port. If you should ever see my Suke, tell her——

What I was to tell Suke, I know not, for the water prevented any further parley.

I was now tossed about the western ocean for one month and eleven days, without seeing any ship or land. During this time, I had a fine opportunity, which I did not neglect, of making many very curious observations on the tides and currents at sea, which I shall perhaps publish. By either one or both of these, I was carried imperceptibly

ceptibly towards the east, and after three months and twelve days cruising about, I came in sight, (as I was afterwards informed) of Plymouth. Here, being very much fatigued, and almost exhausted for want of food (I had eaten and drunk nothing during this period, but some small fry which I caught in my passage, and a cag of Hollands, I found floating over a wreck) I fell asleep, and was taken up by a bargeman near Greenwich, who thinking I was drowned, carried me in my sleep to a little public house there, called the Crown and Sceptre. Perceiving my body still warm, they were going through the process prescribed by the Humane Society, and had actually begun rubbing my body with

with salt, when I awoke, and, to their great astonishment, begg'd to know where I was, and what the devil they were about.

The master and the bargeman now told the most infamous lies, about what they had done for me, saying, I could never be too thankful or reward them enough, as they had been the means of saving my life. The mistress of the house, a pious woman, followed, and read me a long lesson on the criminality of suicide, and prayed me, with great fervency, that, for my poor soul's sake, as I had been prevented this time, never more to attempt to make away with myself. The piety of the good hostess was so great and ardent, that it never once permitted her to advert to

L

my

my situation, (they had stripped me stark naked,) but when I asked for my clothes, she instantly recollected herself, and crying, *God bless me, poor thing!* ran hastily out of the room.

My clothes were brought to me, but they were perfectly useless, and unfit to put on. I consequently requested them to furnish me with others. Why as to that, said the man, I have no objection, but I should like first to know who you are, and whether you've money enough to reimburse the expence. Seeing there was nothing to be done without shewing the gold, I took my old rags, and drew from them, to the utter surprise of the bargeman and host, who had before both ransacked my clothes, a large

large purse full of cash. Their countenances were illuminated with delight, as they viewed the treasure, and the respect they shewed me, from that moment, led me to make a conclusion in regard to the country I was in, which I have always found verified.—*In England, nullum numen abest, si sit*-PECUNIA.

I was now quickly provided with a decent suit of clothes, and ordering the best dinner that could be dressed in the shortest time, I was presently served with some excellent flat fish, so deliciously fried, that I cannot refrain from recommending the reader to go there and taste a few cooked in the same way. — After this, I devoured a plate of lamb-chops and a roast duck. — I then invited the host to

fit down with me, and take a glass of what he called the best port in the world. Such, he said, as I should never meet with again; and I never did!

Being seated, I enquired into the state of the bargeman's affairs, and was informed that he passed for a very honest man, and that he had a wife and five children, whom he found it very difficult to maintain. This was sufficient.—Our wine being gone, I desired to see the man who had saved me from being drowned—(so they imagined, and I did not undeceive them.) He came—I gave him five hundred guineas, and fifty to the landlord, then seating myself in one of the Greenwich stages, was carried to London.—The host said it was very pleasant

pleasant going by water, but I had had enough of aquatic excursions, and preferred the more comfortable one I have just mentioned.

In London I soon established myself, and found it in every shape the proper sphere of my action. There I perceived that every man passed his life just as he liked, and no body cared one penny how he managed to do it. My way of living, owing to my secret, was without any apparent resources, and I saw with pleasure that in London one half of the people lived in the same manner. That being the case, I was sure there would be no scrutiny.—This, cried I, is the true element of the possessor of the philosopher's stone!

L 3

Accord-

According to Propertius,* here the most honour was paid to him who possessed (no matter how) the most gold; and I rejoiced within myself at existing in what the poet therefore calls the *true golden age*.

Having taken up my residence in one of the squares, I began, as I did at Paris, to give splendid entertainments of all sorts, and was visited by folks of all sorts. The scum of the nobility and fashionables flocked round me in multitudes.—This duchess begged to preside at my table; that countess requested me to let her have the direction of my balls, and her lord the superintendance of my music and masquerades. Their beautiful daughters were thrown in my way,

* 3 Ep. 12.

and

and left with me by their shameless mothers in all kinds of situations. All this was done without knowing any thing more of me than that I appeared to be rich, and seemed to squander away my money like an idiot.—And I heartily believe that a baboon dressed in my clothes, and invested with my property, would have received all the homage they bestowed on me. Knowing this, I could not, when I saw them gather round me thus from all quarters, help comparing them to the foul flies that assemble on a heap of excrement, not heeding the means, so that their bellies are pampered!

I was soon disgusted with the abominable crew of mothers prostituting their daughters, and husbands their wives, through the adoration
of

of riches. I launched out in this manner for the purpose of seeing the effect it would produce, and it gave me no little reason to exult in being an immortal, and not of that nature, which would make me ashamed of my species. My companies were now less numerous, and my expences more contracted. I did not, however, indulge much in family parties for several reasons; but from what I saw of such as may be justly termed families, I perceived many in the highest rank of life, who were not more distinguished and ennobled by their birth, than by the possession of honour and innocence, and the cultivation of all those social virtues and charities, that sweeten and lend a charm to life. But these lovely qualities, though

though I might admire, I was not born to enjoy.—My spirit was for ever restless and aiming at something that no other living creature could, or perhaps would, perform. How could a man of my infinite wealth (I wont say *worth*) find pleasure in playing for hours, with dowagers, at fixpenny whist? To me it was painfully mortifying, and whenever I wanted such relaxation, I adjourned to the gambling house at which the greatest sums were staked. In one of my visits to a rendezvous of this description, a circumstance occurred which led to a deed (the only good one I recollect ever doing), which I will relate.

The play was exceedingly high, when a young gentleman entered the room and joined us. I was
prodi-

prodigiouſly fortunate that night, and threw, after he had began to ſet, fifteen mains without intermiſſion. He had conſtantly increaſed his ſtake, and loſt a large ſum of money. He became impatient, watched me narrowly, and ſeemed to ſuſpect foul play. Continuing to loſe, he ſuddenly ſeized my hand as I was about to throw, and inſiſted on breaking the dice to examine whether they were fair. To this, conſcious of my innocence, I readily agreed; ſaying, however, that I thought the ſuſpicion very ungentlemanly. He made no reply, but being ſatiſfied they were not falſe, propoſed to play with me at one throw for the amount of what he had loſt. He appeared much vexed at his croſſes, and

and rather demanded that I should give him this chance of winning it back. I won—he seemed almost in despair—doubled it again—’twas mine. He had no more.—I had won about 30,000*l.* in money, and his estate, which he said, giving me his address, he would make over to me the next morning—he withdrew.

There was something about the youth so ingenuous and honest, (things I had seldom met with even in gentlemen at the gaming table,) that I resolved to inspect his character more closely, and not to keep his money unless I found him so attached to gambling, as to be determined not to keep it himself.

The information I collected was of the most favourable kind.—I waited

waited on him the next day according to his appointment, and was instantly introduced into the breakfast-room. It was two o'clock—He was lying on a sofa with his hair dishevelled and his clothes disordered. His wife, a beautiful young woman, sat at the further end of the room, weeping over two fine boys, her children,—and the breakfast-things stood untouched in the middle.

The moment I entered, he started up, assumed an air of consequence, and desired his wife in rather a severe tone, to take the children away. He then turned to me and said, You are, I apprehend, Sir, come to make the transfer—We'll proceed about it immediately.

I should

I should have been surprised at his coolness, if I had not been convinced that it was affected. Yes, sir, I replied, I am here, according to your desire, but in no hurry to be made master of your estate. — Indeed I wish not to have it.

Not to have it! he exclaimed. I have no equivalent to give you, and you must have it.

Not so, said I. You have an equivalent that I will accept, instead.

Name it! he ejaculated. But, added he, seriously, beware, sir, how you propose any thing dishonest to me!

The equivalent I mean, said I, is your friendship.

M

He

He looked at me with surprise.

I know, continued I, that you are not addicted to gaming ———

No! no! interrupted he, bursting into tears, that I am not. — But my passions are warm, and one night has ruined me!

Indeed it has not, I rejoined, and if you will give me, instead of your estate, a bond that you will never play again at hazard, I will do more than restore you all you've lost.

Generous man, he exclaimed, how did I wrong you, when I caused the dice to be examined!

He now proceeded to swear he would never touch a die again, but refused my offer to the full extent. I expostulated with him, and at last getting the liberty to sit down
and

and write a bond relinquishing his estate, I wrote a draft for 60,000*l.* at the bottom, and, folding up the letter, left the room with these words —

Remember, sir, although I have purchased your friendship, I shall never use it or call it mine, unless you receive the price I have set upon it

“ This is, *I powerfully feel*, the last adventure I shall ever commit to writing. A few minutes more and I will *lay down my pen*, and resolve, in the most solemn and sacred manner, never to compose another line.” Happy had it been for society, if I had made this resolution the instant I left school!

“ Indeed *all other adventures* must necessarily be *frigid and uninterest-*

ing, compared with those which I have described. Great God! what a fate was mine!"* I was fated, gentle reader, to turn philosopher and author!

Finding that extravagance only attracted coxcombs and knaves, and that men of genius and sense avoided it, I resolved to change my style of living, and to court the company of persons who had distinguished themselves in literature.

I don't know how it is, but you cannot breathe the same atmosphere as authors, without turning author.—The vice is catching! I found I must be an author.

Jacobinism had begun to rear its head, and becoming acquainted about this time with a Mr. ALL-

* V. 4, p 329.

CRAFT, who had lent it all the assistance in his power, he prompted me to give it my countenance and support. I had studied the subject well, it will be recollected, whilst I was in France, and spurred on by my worthy friend, I immediately composed the ideas floating in my brain (did I say brain? I beg pardon) my head, two large quarto volumes.—In which, in the “*lawlessness* of my imagination*,” with a terrible pother about what nobody could understand; namely, The *absolute-ness of necessity*, the *perfectibility of man*, and *the omnipotence of truth*, I opposed all political and moral order, and endeavoured to overturn every system that time and experience had sanctioned and approved.

* V. 4. p. 44.

The thought was in a great degree new, and made considerable noise. Some, fond of novelty, however prejudicial, applauded my work, but others, who had the sense to reflect, presently saw that *I*, who talked so much about the *omnipotence of truth*, “*was all a lie*†.”

After this, thinking from my political writings, that I was a good hand at *fiction*, I turned my thoughts to novel writing.—These I wrote in the same pompous inflated style as I had used in my other publication, hoping that my fine, high-sounding periods would assist to make the unsuspecting reader swallow all the insidious reasoning, absurdity, and nonsense, I could in-

* V. 4, p. 256.

vent. The plan succeeded for some time, but at last, they burlesqued my works, and made me look like a fool!

“ I am happy to close my eventful, and somewhat melancholy story, with *so pleasing* a termination * !”

* Vol. 4. end.

FINIS.

Printed by J. CROWDER, Warwick-square.